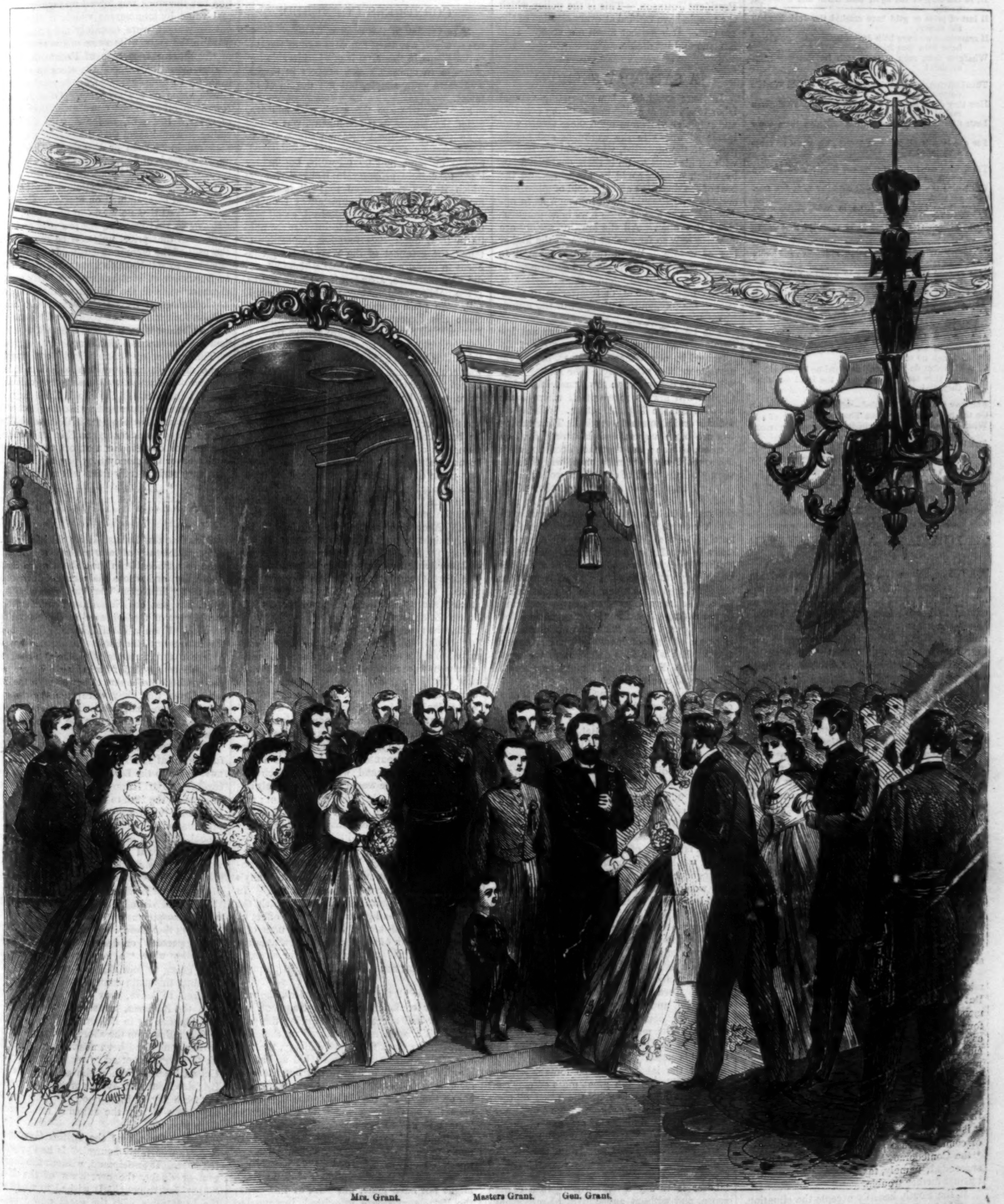
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. IX.—No. 467.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.


Mrs. Grant.
Masters Grant.
Gen. Grant.

GRAND RECEPTION OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, November 20, 1865.—[See Page 774.]

COLUMBIA'S THANKSGIVING.

1865.

THANKSGIVING! our Thanksgiving! After years of toil and pain,
Years of watching o'er the living, and of mourning for the slain;
It has come just when the glorious sun has bid the tempest cease,
And the voice of War is mute, before the coming in of Peace.

With outstretched hands Columbia stands giving her children greeting,
From East and West—from North and South she bids them to the meeting;
She stands upon no party line, she gives no partial call,
Beneath the dome of Liberty her welcome is for all.

Fill all the glasses to the brim! Bring up the Old Thirteen,
And let the other States stand round and fill the space between!
One hand about our starry flag for friendship's sake we'll twine,
And pledge anew with swelling hearts "The days of auld lang syne."

If, in the fury of the fight, both North and South did wrong,
If lust of pride or gold have crushed the weak beneath the strong,
If sometimes we have both drawn back where we should have been true friends—
Whatever debt each owes to each let this day make amends!

Thanksgiving, our Thanksgiving! See the Old World's despots quake!
How they dread the sound of revelry Columbia's children make!
Let's fill our empty glasses fresh and give them cheer on cheer,
For our land is all our own to-day, we crown no monarch here!

Then, with our hands still on our flag, toward Heaven upturned our eyes,
We'll give the world another toast—(let none but freemen rise!)—
"May Peace and Union, hand in hand, strike every croaker dumb,
Binding our hearts to freedom in the days that are to come!"

But hush! Who rises in our midst with grave and lordly brow?
True servant of the only King to whom we e'er would bow!
One reverent glance heavenward he bends, then motions us to stay,
And kneeling there beneath the flag he murmurs, "Let us pray!"

And not alone he seems to be, for gathering close around,
The souls of all the martyred dead seem with him—though no sound
Of spirit voices do we hear, but standing by his side,
We know they too are praying for the Land for which they died.

And now the prayer is ended—softly let the curtain fall
On the holiest and tenderest Thanksgiving Day of all,
When Columbia's scattered children have gathered round one board,
And the harvest of Peace has been offered to the Lord.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

THE HUMANE AND INEVITABLE POLICY.

WE occasionally receive public and private suggestions from the late insurrectionary States that it is mean, as a letter before us says, "to heap abuse upon a prostrate foe." We agree heartily. It is the sign of a coward and a dastard. But it is neither cruel, nor base, nor insolent, nor unmanly for a nation which is still panting with a hard-won victory in a civil war to consider earnestly and profoundly how it can secure peace.

That conciliation is desirable and essential is surely no reason for disregarding facts. There seems to be a large body of people at the South who suppose that all is settled because they acknowledge themselves to have been overcome by numbers. If it be proposed to consider upon what terms revolted States should be reorganized—if testimony be elicited as to the actual feeling of the Southern population—if the country be warned not to believe every thing said by men who confess that they speak under moral duress—if we ask our fellow-citizens to be sure, and not to allow their impatience of prudence to warp their judgment, but to look carefully and see what is the wisest course—we are denounced as mischief-makers, enemies of the Union, promoters of ill-feeling between the sections; and one South Carolina paper, in its anxiety to expose our atrocities, adds that we are bitterly opposed to the reconstruction policy of President JOHNSON!

This kind of misrepresentation, and possibly misapprehension, is, of course, unavoidable. But we beg our Southern fellow-citizens to remember that it is for the very reason that they fought so long and so well, because they insist, as a correspondent says, that the war "was decided not by superior courage but by superior numbers," because they still frankly declare their feelings unchanged, because all testimony shows that they are unchanged, and because we have learned by long years of sharp experience that they are skillful and audacious politicians, it is for such reasons that we obey the dictates of common sense and intend to do just what "the Confederacy" would have done if it had succeeded; namely, take every wise precaution against further trouble.

If the South heartily accepts the situation, as it declares, it will join us in this good work. If, for instance, it sincerely acquiesces in emancipation, it will take every step necessary to make the late slaves an intelligent, self-respecting, industrious, and respectable part of the community. If it does not—if, while it proposes to assent to an act of the United States Government, and even adopts the Amendment, it still does its best to continue the confusion of the country by a legislation which virtually repudiates the Amendment, it need not quarrel with us for looking at acts rather than words. Governor HUMPHREYS recently telegraphed to the President that if the colored troops were withdrawn the State of Mississippi would allow the freedmen to testify. The President replied that the troops would be withdrawn when peace and order could be maintained without them.

That is the whole case. The United States must by the necessity of the situation directly control the unorganized States until it is plain that they may be safely left to their own control. That can be determined only by observation, study of disposition, pledges, and laws. This is the policy which we have supported in President JOHNSON. This is the policy which the people have ratified at every election of the autumn. It is neither mean nor cruel. It is humane and inevitable.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

IF there could be a law restricting manual labor to six hours a day and securing constant and ample employment upon those terms, with increased wages to the workman and higher profits to the capitalist, who would not favor it with all his heart? So if there could be a law by which disease could be abolished and the heat of the dog-days and the cold of midwinter mollified, who would be so inhuman as to oppose it? Yet one of these laws is as practicable as the other. All the laws of society are effective only so far as they re-enact the higher law of nature. When they are opposed to them society pays the penalty in suffering. It is useless to legislate against the attraction of gravity or of cohesion, or to attempt to redistribute the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere.

The laws of political economy are not less absolute than other laws. They are not determined by our wishes and hopes, but by the actual condition of society. The rate of wages will always depend upon the demand for labor. Capital will always invest itself where it can count upon the highest return. These are axioms or indisputable truths. That capitalists are often unjust, and laborers often oppressed, is true; but that fact does not affect the great law of the relation of wages to the supply of labor and of capital to profits.

Therefore, in the legal regulation of the labor question, we must always bear in mind the inflexible laws which we do not make and which control those that we do. But fortunately Political Economy like all other sciences is capable of development. There are truths already discovered, but there are others which may yet be ascertained. For instance, the exact amount of manual labor measured by time, which may be most effectively performed by the average laborer under certain conditions of climate and other calculable circumstances, is a fair subject of investigation and experiment. But when it is determined, the result can not be disturbed. It must be accepted and treated as a truth.

Now labor is a commodity like cotton or corn. Its price must depend upon its supply. Where the supply is greatly in excess of the demand the price will inevitably be low—where it is inadequate the price will be high. Every man can understand that proposition. Its truth is not disturbed by the natural desire of every man not to be overworked, and to have time for education and recreation. Suppose that the city of New York should make a law restricting the working-day to four hours, upon the principle that, if every man in the world did his fair share of the work of the world, four hours would be enough, what would be the consequence? The demand for labor in the city would cease, and, with its ceasing, wages would decline. And how could this result be avoided? Would you pass a law compelling employers to pay the same wages for four hours' work that is elsewhere paid for ten? That you might do, but the result then would simply be that capital would emigrate. Would you undertake to prevent its removal by penalties? Certainly you would not; and even if you did, and enforced your laws, the inevitable consequence would be the destruction of capital. You may forcibly compel a man to remain in one spot, but no law can force him to use his sagacity to his own disadvantage.

Must the laborer then be forever a mere drudge, and shall the great mass of mankind who must always live by the work of their hands be hopelessly debarred from intellectual expansion, the delights of art, and of intelligent leisure, which we call mental culture? Surely not, unless the world is a total failure and the deepest human faith a lie. But there are no short cuts to happiness. The British laborer is to-day a man who is, in a certain sense, and without any individual responsibility, defrauded of many of his birth-rights as a man. But can Parliament legislate him out of poverty and ignorance into comfort and intelligence? The British laborer drudges fourteen hours a day for a pittance. Why? Simply because the supply of labor is in that excess of the demand. Let the laborer see that in this country or elsewhere he can get higher wages for a shorter day, and he will come here. The result would be that wages would ultimately rise in England and fall in the United States.

Where, then, is the daybreak? In what direction lies hope? It lies, first, in the growing intelligence of mankind; and, second, in invention and science. As we come to see that the comfort and security of every member of society depends upon the general welfare selfishness will be checked, or, if you choose, refined, while invention will at once multiply and facilitate labor. The cure for all social evils lies in the moral elevation of society in the increasing spirit of fraternity and co-operation. And that is as sure as it is slow.

CORNERERS CORNERED.

THE verdict in the case of CARR *vs.* KENDALL, which was tried ten days ago in the Superior Court in this city, is of considerable importance to operators and brokers in stocks. The facts were simple, but not devoid of interest.

Some months ago the stock of a concern, called the Napoleon Oil Company, was placed upon the list of the Petroleum Stock Board. The Company, as was subsequently established, owned no land, and no oil-wells, but held a lease of certain property in Kentucky, upon which it was conjectured that oil might be found. Under these circumstances the promoters of the concern, who desired, as all promoters do, to sell stock and to interest the public in their enterprise, found it impossible to tempt the greenest of the Wall Street greenhorns to invest a dollar in their scheme. They did not, therefore, abandon it. By no means. If the public would not buy, perhaps they would sell. To plain people engaged in legitimate trade this expectation may seem gratuitous. But in Wall Street people are always ready to sell the thing which they have not got, if they think it is selling above its real value. There was a chance that the operators in petroleum stocks who declined to buy Napoleon at any price might be induced to sell it, if, in the first place, its worthlessness were sufficiently vouched for; and if, secondly, the stock could be borrowed for delivery. It seems that the managers of the Napoleon Company did their best to realize these two conditions. No secret was made of the extremely minute show of assets belonging to the Company; and, on the other hand, the promoters were anxious to lend the stock to any one who wished to borrow. According to the best estimates the stock might be worth 5 cents a share. It was selling for $2. Half a dozen prominent petroleum brokers were anxious to lend it. No Wall Street speculator could resist such a temptation. Quite a number of persons sold the stock "short," and borrowed it of the confederates for delivery.

But the game did not stop here. By employing a multiplicity of brokers the promoters contrived to make the stock active; large sales and purchases were reported daily. It is well known now that these transactions were what is technically called "washes," *i. e.*, sham sales, buyer and seller being in collusion. The "washing" process was made the instrument of increasing the short interest. Orders would be sent to a broker to sell 500 or 1000 shares, and these orders would be countermanded in such a way that the countermand would not reach the broker in time; he would then be privately advised to take the sale for his own account; and the stock would be loaned him for delivery. Again, orders would be sent to a broker to buy 500 or 1000 shares; and these orders, like the orders to sell, would be hastily countermanded in a brief note which intimated that "in consequence of recent news from the Company's property the order to buy was revoked." In this case, the countermand would reach the broker in time, and generally had the effect of tempting the broker, if he were a man of a speculative turn of mind, to sell a few hundred shares short on his own account on the strength of the "recent news from the Company's property."

When, by all these various devices, the promoters or confederates of the Napoleon Oil Company had succeeded in inducing the public to sell a good many hundred or thousand shares of the stock for future delivery, the trap was sprung. The stock was "bid up" at the board. No one had any to sell but the confederates, who held aloof. From $2 it was bid up to $10 a share. Calls were then made upon the parties who had borrowed stock to "mark it up" to the market-price. Then it was "bid up" to $20, and further calls were made upon the borrowers of stock. Then it was "bid up" to $32, and further calls were made. There is no saying how high the stock might not have gone, but that, at this point, the Petroleum Board interfered, investigated the subject, and discovered that, so far as could be ascertained, the entire capital stock was still in the hands of the original owners, and that the purchases and sales which had been made at the Board were sham and fraudulent. On this the stock was struck from the list, one at least of the promoters was elbowed out of the Board, and contracts in Napoleon were outlawed.

Fortified by this decision the Plaintiffs in the case above mentioned—who had been borrowers of stock from the Defendants, and had "marked up" the price to $30 a share—sued for the money they had paid out, and under the ruling of Justice GARVIN recovered the entire amount claimed. The Judge charged that, if there had been fraud in the sales by which the market-price of the stock had been advanced, the Plaintiffs must recover; the jury held that there had been fraud, and gave the Plaintiffs a verdict.

It will at once be perceived that the principles evolved in this case will go far toward covering every "Wall Street corner." In the famous case of Harlem there can be no question but the stock was forced up far beyond its real value by manœuvres which, if they were not fraudulent, were certainly not straightforward in the mercantile sense of the term; and in the more recent case of Prairie du Chien similar operations caused the stock to advance from 60 to 250—a figure far beyond the intrinsic value of the property. Of course the Napoleon oil case was more gross than either of these. But still, under Justice GARVIN's ruling, it would seem that the parties who were cornered in Harlem or Prairie du Chien and paid thousands of dollars to the cornerers might recover their money by a suit at law.

It may, perhaps, be questioned whether this verdict will be sustained on appeal. Common sense tells us that no man can be compelled to put this or that price on his property and part with it at that price, unless it be required for the uses of the commonwealth. If BROWN undertakes to sell SMITH's house or SMITH's hat to ROBINSON without having previously bought them or secured the refusal of them, he can not complain if SMITH chooses to ask half a million for the house or $500 for the hat. He had no business to make a contract which he had not the means of fulfilling.

This matter of "corners" will ere long become more generally understood than it is at present. No amount of punishment will deter the old members of the Stock Exchange and their associates from selling stocks short when they rise, and the prospect is that we shall see each railway stock "cornered" in its turn. If the parties cornered can resort to the courts and recover the money they pay to the cornerers, very serious difficulties will arise.

A NEW FACT ABOUT THE "ALABAMA."

MR. GEORGE BEMIS, whose faithful and indefatigable study of international relations has been so serviceable in the debate upon British neutrality, and whose plain expositions of law and fact "Historicus" has vainly sought to answer, has just contributed another chapter in the history of the *Alabama* to the Boston *Advertiser*. Upon a careful investigation of the Parliamentary Bluebooks Mr. BEMIS has discovered, and presents the official proof, that the *Alabama* sailed from British waters after the confession of a part of her crew to the British officers that they were "on their way to join the gun-boat," and after an order from the Foreign office to detain the vessel had been issued.

On the 30th July, 1862, our active and faithful Consul at Liverpool, Mr. THOMAS H. DUDLEY, wrote to the Liverpool Collector, who, according to Earl RUSSELL's statement, had been ordered on the 29th to detain the *Alabama*, that the steam-tug *Hercules*, which accompanied the privateer out of the harbor, had returned to Liverpool, and was at that moment at the wharf taking on board men for the *Alabama*, which was then cruising off Point Lynas.

On the same day Mr. MORGAN, the Surveyor of the port of Liverpool, wrote to the Collector that he had visited the *Hercules*—that she had nothing suspicious on board—no guns or powder; but that there were "a considerable number of persons" on deck who admitted to him that they were "a portion of the crew, and were going to join the gun-boat." Notwithstanding this plain confession the *Hercules* was suffered to leave, duly kept its appointment with the *Alabama*, transferred the men while the *Alabama* lay in Beaumaris Bay, from three to four miles from the shore, and the privateer, having completed her enlistment within British territory, departed to make war upon the United States. When she was safely off the British official activity was prodigious; but every fresh ray of light upon the affair reveals only more clearly the culpable remissness of the authorities.

The truth is, that the British Government could not be fairly neutral. It had prejudged the case. It anticipated, without the least regret or doubt, the overthrow of the United States Government. It wished to stand upon the best terms with the great new "nation" of Mr. GLADSTONE's and JEFFERSON DAVIS's creation, and therefore allowed the slightest obstacle to check its activity. Mr. BEMIS's various elucidations of this matter—and the documents in his last article are now for the first time published in this country—are essential to a thorough knowledge of the question. Certainly no nation ever went before the world with a fairer claim than we have made upon the British Government. If its conduct in the affair of the *Alabama* should become a precedent every power in the world could become a silent but most efficient belligerent in any war made upon any other nation, and then haughtily assert that she had done all her duty. The course of Great Britain annihilates international comity. It threatens not only to dishonor the British name, but to imperil civilization, for international usage is a moral treaty for the peace of the world. Whatever power flagrantly disregards it is an offender against mankind as well as curiously blind to its own interest. Thus Great Britain is a maritime nation. She absolutely refuses redress for the losses caused by privateers equipped and manned in her ports. The United States may remain silent. She may not enforce the claims she urges. But what is Great Britain to gain by her refusal? She can not protest against her own precedent; and although the United States in any quarrel to which she was a neutral would doubtless remain in good faith a neutral, yet in every case that eluded the vigilance of her laws to the detriment of Great Britain that power by its own conduct has bound itself to silence.

OUR FRENCH-MEXICAN RELATIONS.

THE President's Message is anticipated with universal and profound interest, both for what it will say upon foreign as well as domestic affairs. It will inevitably have one most desirable result, for it will put an end to the uncertainty of the public mind as to the probable policy of the Government in the matter of reorganization, and it will speak plainly of our British and French relations.

Upon the latter point the signs of the times are very clear. The nomination of General LOGAN as Minister to the Republican Government in Mexico, after his very plain talk at the Brooklyn Academy, the emphatic reply of General GRANT to Mr. BEEKMAN at the Union League Club, and the significant extract from a dispatch of Mr. SEWARD to Mr. DAYTON now first made public, and, of course, by the Government—all show that the Administration is not favorable to the establishment of an Austrian emperor in Mexico by the arms of France.

But it is no less clear that the enormous expense to France of the Mexican occupation, the inability of MAXIMILIAN to keep the country in order, the plain refusal of the empire by the popular will, the unpopularity of the enterprise at home, and the undisguised hostility to it in this country indicate that the Austrian tenure is very frail, and that at any moment the imperial bubble may burst.

The Emperor of France will, we presume, be reminded of the traditional policy of the United States upon this continent, which is unrelenting hostility to the planting of monarchies along our borders by European arms. With the interior policy of the other American powers, when it is determined or debated, either in assemblies or on the battle-field, we have no right of interference until our own safety is plainly involved. But the interference which we do not claim ourselves we shall certainly not tolerate in a European power which evidently coerces the will of the population. If, in the case of Mexico, it could be made clear that the summons of MAXIMILIAN to the throne was truly the popular wish, we should have no reason for interference, however much we might regret the act. But in that case the Mexicans would be his body-guard. They would be the first to resent the presence of foreign troops. And the fact that the Mexicans who asked the Prince over insisted upon foreign arms to support him upon his throne is sufficient proof that they did not represent the Mexican people, and that the Austrian empire in Mexico is exactly what we called it at the time of its establishment—a French conquest. And the United States are endangered by a French conquest of Mexico.

It is indeed not doubtful that the original expedition was conceived in the utmost hostility to this Government. We have had no craftier enemy than LOUIS NAPOLEON. It was he who incessantly urged Great Britain to interfere. It was he who proposed the armistice to which Russia would not accede; and LOUIS NAPOLEON unquestionably received the terms of the armistice from the rebel agents in Paris, who were in favor at the Tuileries. His operations in Mexico were meant as a powerful flank movement for the rebellion. They were leveled at the United States, and the United States are not likely to forget it.

There is no question, therefore, that the official tone of this Government will be very resolute. The French Emperor will be left in no doubt that we expect him to leave. But we do not believe that he will be peremptorily ordered to quit the country. That is war, and are we quite ready to go to war again? We shall not unnecessarily impose a disagreeable dilemma upon any other power. A hint is as good as a kick, and produces the same result with much less friction.

THE PRESIDENT'S FIDELITY.

THOSE of the friends of the President who have feared that he would imperil the advantages won by the war by a fatal leniency, or, still worse, by joining a party which has been utterly repudiated by the people of the country, have allowed their fears to obscure their perceptions. Whatever the President has said has been full of a determination that the rights of freedom which the war has conferred upon a certain class of the Southern population, and the class which is most friendly to the Government, shall be maintained. He expresses himself in his own way, but he never varies the strain.

Thus, to the Governors and Legislatures and Committees of the unorganized States he has constantly said: "Certain things are essential. The emancipation amendment and equality before the law are among them. Farther I say nothing. My action will depend upon events." To Mr. STEARNS he said that, as a citizen of Tennessee, he should be in favor of negro suffrage there under certain conditions. But he has said nothing better than what General FISKE reported in his speech in Brooklyn. The General went to the White House to offer his resignation. The President said to him:

> "'People say sometimes I was born South, and I will not treat the negro as a freeman; but I mean and desire to carry out the views of the great and good ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and to see that these people have a guarantee of their freedom. I may not believe with you in their ultimate attainments, but I mean they shall have a fair chance. [Cheers.] I wish the people of the North knew what I had to stand between. Daily I receive telegrams and letters from all parts of the South of dreadful import. If they could but see the difficulties of my position they would pity me and give me their prayers.' This he said with tears in his eyes; and I asked him if the Freedmen's Bureau was to be discontinued—my resignation being already in his hands—and he said to me, 'Go back; go to your work, and see justice done to both white and black. The Freedmen's Bureau will only cease to exist when the Southern States are resolved to deal honestly and justly by these freedmen.' [Applause.] And I came away from his presence with more of faith and hope in ANDREW JOHNSON than I have ever had."

It is apparently forgotten that during the war ANDREW JOHNSON was at the front. He saw with his own eyes the terrible details of the struggle. He measured the spirit of rebellion. He knew the conduct of rebels, and he knew also that of the slaves. He proved the quality of their fidelity as every other Union soldier proved it. It was ANDREW JOHNSON who walked before the seats of MASON, SLIDELL, and the other conspirators in the Senate, and shook his finger in their faces, denouncing men who should do what they intended to do as traitors whom, had he the power, he would hang. It was ANDREW JOHNSON who told the colored men of Tennessee that he would be their MOSES.

Such a man is not easily seduced. The blandishments of his enemies are not likely to dazzle a man who has looked behind the servile manner and the smiling mask. No man knows better than he that the party which sought to use him, and monopolize the reputation of regard for him and support of his policy, in order to carry an election, and which disastrously failed, is a party which never relents or forgives. It would no more adopt him as a candidate than it did TYLER or FILLMORE. The future of ANDREW JOHNSON is linked with that vast body of loyal men who were the war party while the war lasted, and who intend, now that it is over, to plant peace upon justice, and cement the Union by liberty.

CONSOLIDATION.

THE fear of consolidation or centralization which haunts some honest minds in this country curiously obscures them. They seem to suppose that in some inscrutable way the city of Washington and the national Government may play the same part among us that Paris and the central Government play in France. The bugbear of "centralization" vexes their sleep. "What," they cry, "would you touch the local governments, the municipal system which is the very palladium of our liberties?"

Here is a palpable confusion. The Government of the United States is the people of the United States. It is not a power independent of the people and hostile to it and maintaining itself by a standing army—it is the whole body of the people themselves; and no natural right, like that of personal liberty, for instance, is any where safe if it be not guaranteed by them. Indeed, if the principle of a popular government be sound, that the people ought to govern, because such a method is the surest pledge of popular liberty, why is that liberty endangered by confiding it to the whole people instead of a part of them?

If the national Government stood in the same relation to the States that a medieval feudal baron did to his dependents, or a prince to a circle of free cities, the fear of centralization or of some form of governmental tyranny would be more natural. But as it is, it is a misconception of the necessary character and tendency of our system. The counties of a State might as well fear the centralizing power of the State as the State fear that of the Union. The people are the source of power in all of them.

As a matter of fact the local State governments have never been the security of our personal and political rights. All the assaults upon the principles of our institutions, all the signal overthrow of personal and political rights have been the work of States. For the whole people is wiser and nobler than any portion of them. And hence the overpowering importance of the Emancipation Amendment. Its very object is to place the personal liberty of every American citizen beyond any local or subordinate power whatever, because such a responsibility can not be safely delegated. The population of a State has rights, but the people of the United States have rights, and the protection of a citizen of the United States can not be intrusted to any other authority than that of the Government of which he is a part.

FACES ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

THE celebrated report of Dr. Chenu on the mortality caused by war, contains some interesting information concerning the appearances presented by some who die a violent death on the field of battle. One surgeon says that, wandering over the battle-field of the Alma, on the third day after the fight, he observed with astonishment a number of Russian corpses whose attitude and expression of countenance were precisely those of life. Some did certainly present an aspect which showed that they had suffered severely just previous to dissolution, but these were few in number compared with those who wore a calm and resigned expression, as though they had passed away in the act of prayer. Others had a smile on their faces, and looked as if they were in the act of speaking; one in particular attracted his special attention; he was lying partly on his side, his knees were bent under him, his hands were clasped together and pointing upward, his head was thrown back, and he was apparently still praying—evidently he was in the act of doing so at the moment when death laid his hand upon him. Another medical man relates that after the battle of Inkermann the faces of many of the dead still wore a smile; while others had a threatening expression. Some lay stretched on their backs as if friendly hands had prepared them for burial. Some were still resting on one knee, their hands grasping their muskets. In some instances the cartridge remained between the teeth, or the musket was held in one hand, and the other was uplifted as though to ward off a blow, or appealing to Heaven. The faces of all were pale, as though cut in marble. As the wind swept across the battle-field it waved the hair, and gave the bodies such an appearance of life that a spectator could hardly help thinking they were about to rise to continue the fight.

Another surgeon, describing the appearance of the corpses on the field of Magenta, says that they furnish indubitable proof that man may cease to exist without suffering the least pain. Those struck on the head generally lay with their faces on the ground, their limbs retaining the position they were in at the instant they were struck, and most of these still held their rifles: showing that when a ball entered the brain it causes such a sudden contraction of the muscles that there is not time for the hand to loose its hold of the weapon before death. Another peculiarity observed in the case of those who were wounded in the brain, was, the suddenness with which they died even when suspected to be out of danger. During the battle of Solferino a rifleman was wounded in the head by a ball which passed through the skull and buried itself in the brain. His wound was dressed, and he was stretched on straw, with his head resting on his knapsack, like his wounded comrades. He retained the full use of his faculties, and chatted about his wound, almost with indifference, as he filled his pipe and lay smoking it. Nevertheless, before he had finished it, death came upon him, and he was found lying in the same attitude, with his pipe still between his teeth. He had never uttered a cry, or given any sign that he was suffering pain.

In cases where the ball had entered the heart, nearly the same appearances were presented as in the cases of those who had been struck in the brain; death was what we term instantaneous, but it was not quite so swift as in the former case; there was generally time for a movement in the act of dying. There was a Zouave who had been struck full in the breast; he was lying on his rifle, the bayonet was fixed, and pointing in such a way as showed that he was in the act of charging when struck. His head was uplifted, and his countenance still bore a threatening appearance, as if he had merely stumbled and fallen, and were in the act of rising again. Close by him lay an Austrian foot-soldier, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, who had died in the act of praying. Another foot-soldier had fallen dead as he was in the act of fighting; his fists were closed, one arm was in the act of warding off a blow, and the other was drawn back in the act of striking.

On another battle-field, several French soldiers lay in a line, with their bayonets pointing in the direction of the foe they were advancing against, when a storm of grape mowed them down. On the left bank of the river Tessin, several Austrian officers lay dead. Some of them were remarkable for the noble expression of their faces, the extreme neatness of their dress, and the cleanliness of their persons. Most of them had fair hair, and their countenances bore the stamp of calm resignation. The best opportunity of seeing the aspect of the masses who died on the field was when they lay stretched beside the trenches which were destined to be their final resting-place. So far were their faces from presenting the livid appearance and the expression of despair which painters are in the habit of producing in pictures of battle-fields, that a spectator could hardly help calling to the burying parties to wait a little before covering them up. They were so like life.—*All the Year Round.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has replied to Governor Humphreys's request that the United States soldiers be withdrawn from Mississippi to the following effect: The withdrawal of the soldiers, the President says, will take place whenever it is manifest that the civil authority has been restored and can be maintained without them. He assures the people of Mississippi that there is no disposition on the part of the Government to deal harshly or arbitrarily with them. Only a loyal compliance with the laws and Constitution and the inauguration of such measures as will insure full civil protection to the freedmen are required; and these, it is suggested, will ultimately prove beneficial to all concerned. There must be mutual confidence, the President adds, between the national Government and the people of the lately rebellious States, or all that has been done in the work of reconstruction will be thrown away.

The Alabama Legislature met, November 22, at Montgomery. Governor Parsons in his Message urges the immediate adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. He is opposed to the slave code which has been proposed, and recommends a vagrant act, the provisions of which will bear upon blacks and whites alike.

Hon. C. J. Jenkins has been elected unanimously Governor of Georgia.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE CITY ELECTIONS.

The Tammany Convention met on November 21, and nominated Recorder John T. Hoffman for Mayor and Richard O'Gorman for Corporation Counsel. The same day the Mozart Convention nominated John Hecker for Mayor and O'Gorman for Corporation Counsel. The nomination for Mayor was first tendered to Fernando Wood, who declined the honor. The M'Keon organization have nominated the present Mayor, Mr. Gunther, with O'Gorman. November 24 the Union Convention nominated Marshall O. Roberts for Mayor and Murray Hoffman for Corporation Counsel.

NEWS ITEMS.

President Johnson has rescinded the order of Major-General Thomas, shutting up the Episcopal churches of Alabama until such time as they should be willing to repeat the prayer for the President of the United States.

In General Wright's Department of Texas, the command of the Western District has been assigned to General Weitzel. General Steele has been relieved, and has been assigned to the Department of Columbia, including the State of Oregon and the Territories of Washington and Idaho—head-quarters at Fort Vancouver. Letters received from Corpus Christi, Texas, dated as late as October 23, state that it was very sickly among the troops. General Russel, commander of the post, and more than half his officers, were down with the broken-bone fever.

From Fort Smith, Arkansas, it is reported that the rebel Choctaws and Chickasaws are badly persecuting their former slaves.

Crime is fearfully on the increase in Nashville, Tennessee. Robberies and murders are of nightly occurrence, and special measures have been taken to put a stop to these outrages.

On the night of November 22 a horrible murder was committed in the Brooklyn City Park. The victim was Jose Garcia Otero, who not long since drew a prize of $10,000 in the Royal Lottery of Havana. It was for this money that he was murdered. He came to New York to purchase fixtures for a new theatre in Cardenas, Cuba. Gonzales and Pellicer, the alleged murderers, have been arrested.

A New Bedford paper gives a list of forty-six American whaling vessels, with ten thousand two hundred and fifty-two barrels of oil, destroyed by rebel pirates during the late war. The value of the vessels is estimated at one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the value of the oil at half a million dollars.

Ex-President Buchanan has recently published a book in vindication of his administration.

General R. E. De Russey, of the Engineer corps of our army, who had rendered over fifty years of military service to the country, died in San Francisco November 23, aged seventy-five years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

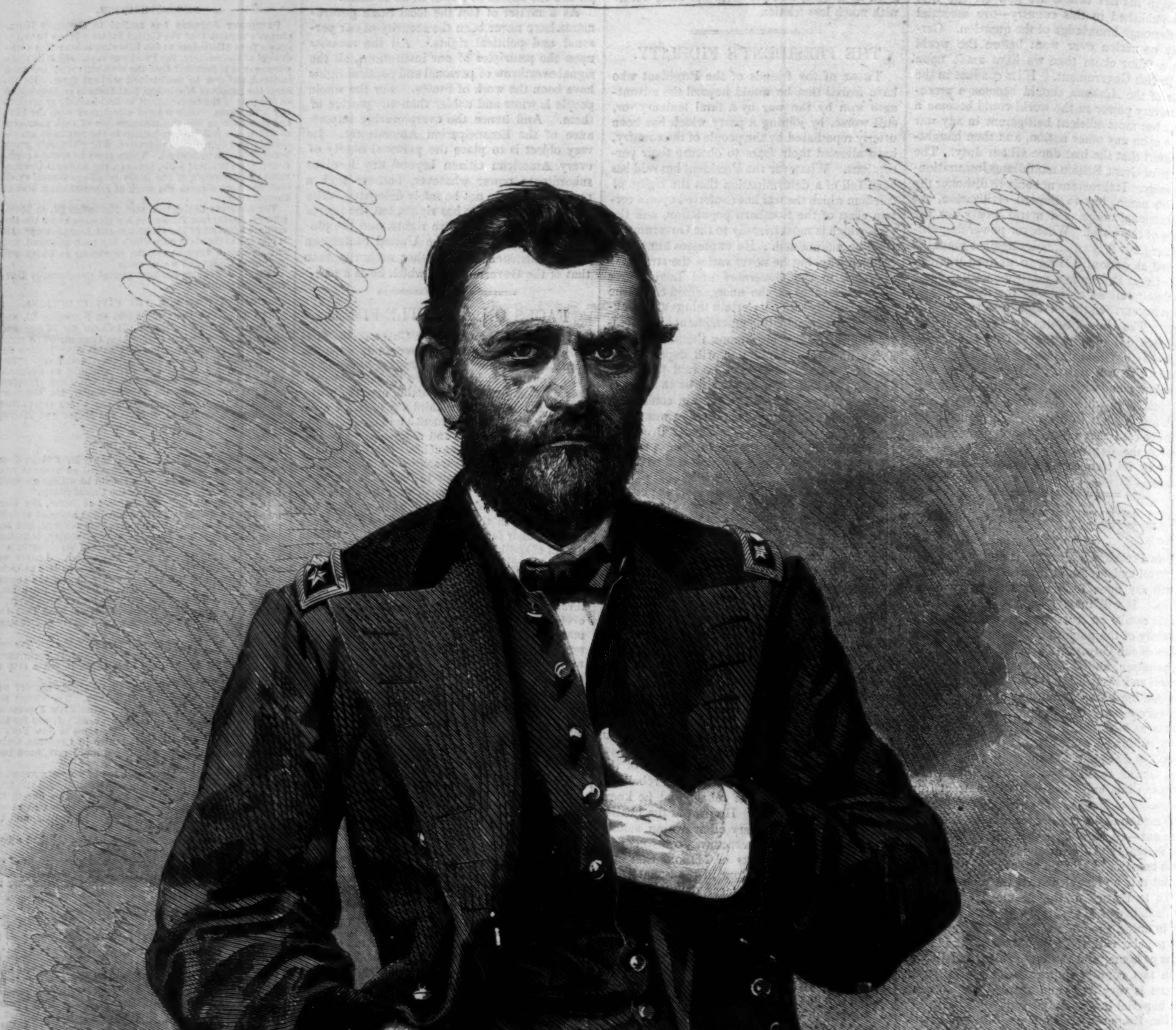
THE cholera is dying out at Malta, where of 2578 persons attacked in a population of 138,000, exclusive of the military, 1523 have died. The last account reported only one or two daily attacks and deaths. The disease is committing great ravages in Jerusalem. The streets and bazars are deserted, the shops closed, and the richer portion of the population taking flight in all directions. The Pashaw, the various Turkish officials, and the foreign consular agents, with the exception of the French consul, have been the first to give the example of desertion, and there now only remain at Jerusalem those inhabitants who are too poor to afford to leave.

When Captain Waddell, of the *Shenandoah*, reached Liverpool he addressed to Earl Russell the following letter:

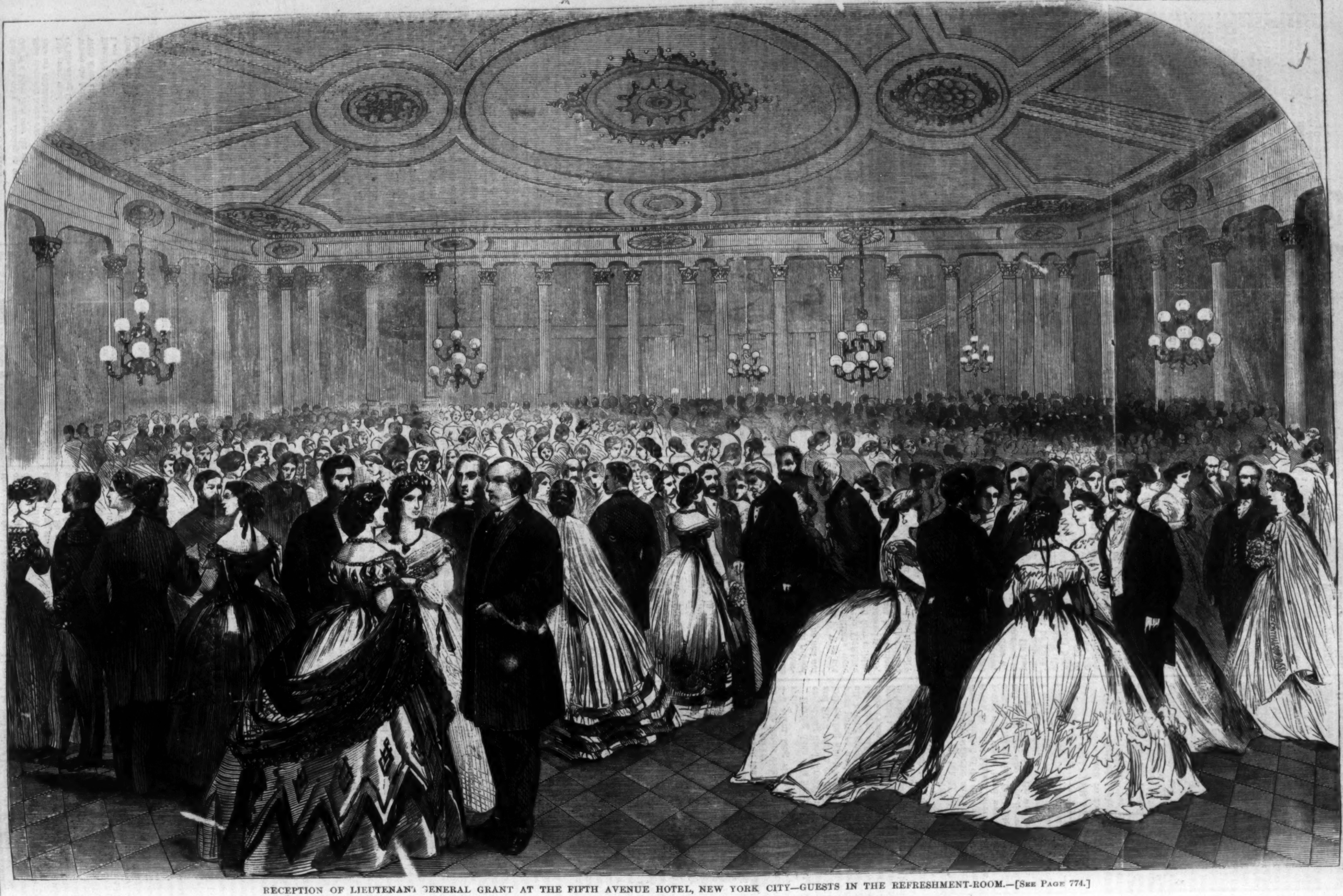
> "In obedience to orders I found myself in the Arctic and Ochotsk seas, far removed from the ordinary channels of commerce, and in consequence of this awkward circumstance I was engaged in acts of war until the 28th of June. I was ignorant of the reverses suffered by the Confederates and the total obliteration of the Government under which I acted. I received the first intelligence of the downfall of the Confederate cause on the 3d of August from the British bark *Barracouta*, and desisted immediately from further acts of war until I could communicate with a European port and learn if the intelligence were true. I could not have been sensible that the tales told by American ships were true, but merely upon the statement of a British captain I diligently sought for a precedent in law writers for guidance in the future control, management, and final disposal of the vessel, but found none. Finding the authority questionable under which I acted I immediately ceased cruising and shaped my course for the Atlantic. I did not feel justified in destroying the vessel, but, on the contrary, I thought the ship should revert to the American Government. I therefore sought Liverpool to learn the news, and, if not without foundation, to surrender the ship, with her guns, stores, and apparel complete, to [illegible] British Government, for such disposition as it should deem proper."

The officers and crew of the *Shenandoah* have been released unconditionally by the British Government.

We treat in another column the affair between Spain and Chili. It will be remembered that the grievance of which Spain complains had been already explained and apparently settled, when Admiral Pareja arrived at Valparaiso, September 17 (the anniversary of Chilian independence), and reiterated the Spanish demands, threatening hostilities in four days' time if they were not complied with. The demands were refused peremptorily. The Chilian Government had at once laid the whole affair before the Diplomatic Corps resident at Santiago. This body sent to Admiral Pareja a remonstrance against the precipitate character of his action, signed by the representatives of the United States, England, France, Prussia, Colombia, and Guatemala, headed by our own Minister, Mr. Nelson. They also protested against any act of hostility on the part of Spain toward Chili, that might prejudice the persons or property of their respective nations. On the 24th of September, Admiral Pareja issued a circular to the consular bodies in Chili, notifying them that the ports of the republic were in a state of blockade. On the next day, the 25th, President Perez announced in a proclamation that Spain had begun war by declaring a blockade of the Chilian ports, and that the republic, thus provoked, accepted the war raised against her. On the 26th, Congress renewed the declaration of war, and authorized the contraction of a loan of twenty million dollars. On the 27th more than two hundred of the foreign merchants of Valparaiso met and sent a memorial to foreign consuls, in which they said Admiral Pareja's high-handed injustice was not only ruinous to themselves, but contrary to the rights and duties of the representatives of civilized nations. They therefore suggested that all the foreign force under the influence or command of the foreign consuls, in those seas, be brought to Valparaiso without delay for the protection of the mercantile interests.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



RECEPTION OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL GRANT AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY—GUESTS IN THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM.—[See Page 774.]

DAISY STARS.

Two little daisy stars shining on me,
Out of a letter from over the sea,

Shed their soft lustre o'er the dim track,
Into my childhood's haunts all the way back;

Into green meadows fringed white with the spray
Of blossoming thorn-bush decked with the May,

Where the dear daisies grew, spangling the sward,
With silver and gold for Peasant and Lord.

Beautiful vision of long-buried years;
I see it again through eyes dimmed with tears!

There's never a hill-slope, never a lawn,
Unsprent with the daisy where I was born.

But searching in vain 'neath Western sky,
No gleam of the crimson-tipt flower I spy.

Here are meadows and vales of emerald hue,
But never a daisy is wet with their dew.

The Prairie's broad bosom with blossom is gay;
But "Ah, there's a daisy!" no pilgrim can say.

From ocean to ocean, from fir-tree to palm,
No daisy in spring-time chants its low psalm.

While there in fair England each morsel of sod
Looks lovingly up through the day's eye to God.

Thickly the blossoms gleam in the church-yard,
And the pauper's grave with their light is starred.

Thus am I looking beyond the great sea,
Lighted by daisy stars shining on me.

Thus am I living my childhood again,
Linked to the Past by a frail daisy-chain.

Rhymes for her daisies, my friend asked of me;
So we change trifles across the wide sea.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT.

GENERAL GRANT is a man not more characteristic for his military ability than for his simplicity of character. There is nothing pretentious or assuming about him. To such a man all public and ostentatious parade is distasteful. It was, therefore, on the part of General GRANT, a great favor to consent to a public reception in this city. Although there were some things to mar the occasion, it was one which will ever be remembered by all who were present. It was an event in which the mass of the people did not participate except by sympathy. Only the wealth, fashion, and, in high degree, the intelligence of the metropolis were represented. The place in which the reception was held—the Fifth Avenue Hotel—was the very centre of New York gold-solidity.

Circulars were issued beforehand to one hundred and fifty gentlemen of the city, who each contributed $100 to defray the expenses of the reception. Invitations were given to people of distinction, and every preparation was made in view of imparting all possible splendor to the occasion.

Early on the evening of the 20th of November the guests began to congregate. Between rows of policemen they passed up the grand stairway, where cloak-rooms and dressing-rooms were in readiness. Soon the corridors were crammed, and the jam was unendurable. Rosettes and ribbons were distributed among the gentlemen, and flowers were given to the ladies. After making their arrangements so carelessly as to have admitted a crowd of twenty-five hundred people, the Committee amused themselves by making sorties hither and thither, and adding to the general confusion by the noisy promulgation of orders impossible to be obeyed. General PROSPER M. WETMORE, the head man of the Committee, particularly distinguished himself. Now he stood on a chair, and with vigorous elocution called out "Order, order!" again he would rush fiercely against the crowd, crying aloud, "Make room here! why will you crowd so?" and then subsiding for a brief moment he would distribute partially broken bouquets to his friends near him.

The reception-room was one of the parlors of the hotel, at the further side of which a dais had been placed, on which were several chairs. The only decoration in the room was a magnificent $500 (the cost was a prominent topic of conversation) arrangement of flowers, prepared by BROWER, the florist. It was made of tuberoses, jasmines, forget-me-nots, camellias, and heliotropes, representing on either side an American flag with the letters U. S. G. In this room a favored few were gathered together in the enjoyment of comparative comfort, while the crowd in the corridors was being smothered, and a still larger crowd outside was being drenched with rain.

At last it was whispered that the General had arrived. General WETMORE seemed to think so, at any rate. Opening the door he rushed frantically in, crying, "Make room here; the General is coming!" and then scolding because his orders were not obeyed. Mrs. GRANT entered first, accompanied by five ladies, and was escorted to the dais, followed immediately by the General, who was clamorously applauded. The General was accompanied by his daughter, Miss NELLIE GRANT, and his three boys. In the presentation of the guests to General GRANT there was the most ludicrous disorder. Says the *Times* reporter:

> If one had gotten safely away from the hat and badge rooms, and had endured for an hour and a half the presence of discomfort of the crowd, he found himself at the door of the reception-room, on the very threshold of his desire. Instantly he is caught by a committeeman, passed on to another, seized by a third, and squeezed by a fourth, who asked his name. "WIGGINS," said he. "Mr. NICHOLS," repeated the committee man; the guest bows to the General, but before his back-bone entirely resumes the perpendicular he finds himself pushed before Mrs. GRANT, who smiles partly at his awkwardness, and partly that she may reassure him. Before he fairly knows who he is, where he is, or what he is about, he is passed on by a deputation of excited members of the committee, who salute him thus: "Come, now, old fellow (or my dear Sir), hurry up, pass on; this is no time for little speeches." On he goes, red in the face, perplexed in his mind, discomfited in body, and every way miserable.
>
> In front of the flowers stood General GRANT, with the committee all about him, like bees about a lump of sugar; just by and at his right were MRS. GRANT and other ladies mentioned; at his left were Mrs. General HOOKER, Mr. ETHAN ALLEN, General WOOL, JOHN VAN BUREN, Miss DIX, General COOK, occasionally General HOOKER and the members of the press. In front was the multitude shouting, jostling, hot, tired, cross, and excited, badgered and bullied, and pushed and pulled by the infelicitous committeemen. As each couple approached a little man asked their names; he generally managed to get them wrong, and announced to the General all queer kinds of cognomens, which were as amusing to the parties presented as they were unintelligible to the General. Some pious people offered prayers for him as they passed, and others judged it a good opportunity of making pretty little speeches like these:
>
> "I'm so glad to see you, General. God bless and preserve you many years!"
>
> "General, this is my eldest son, WILLIAM MASON—WILLIE, tell General GRANT the little prayer you say for him every night." (WILLIE attempts to do so, but is moved on suddenly by the active Committeemen.)
>
> "I had a brother in the Twenty-ninth Connecticut. I wonder if you knew him?"

After the reception there was a select banquet given in honor of the General.

Notwithstanding the confusion which every where prevailed, we are able through the facilities kindly offered to our artists by HIRAM HITCHCOCK, Esq., to give most excellent illustrations of the reception. But for Mr. HITCHCOCK's courtesy the public would have been deprived of any faithful pictorial representation of the affair. The confusion it is impossible to illustrate.

The portrait of Lieutenant-General GRANT, which we give our readers on page 772, is from a recent photograph by F. GUTEKUNST, Philadelphia—the best that has been produced.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR PERRY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BENJAMIN F. PERRY, Provisional Governor of South Carolina, and lately elected to the United States Senate from that State, was born in Pickens District, South Carolina, November 20, 1805. His father fought in the Revolutionary army. In 1824 Mr. PERRY entered the law office of Judge EARLE. He was admitted to the bar in 1827.

Mr. PERRY was prominent as an opponent of nullification in 1832. He was delegate to the Union Convention which met at Columbia in that year. Two years afterward he was defeated by a majority of only sixty votes as a Union candidate for Congress. In 1836 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was again returned two years later. In 1844 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1850, when the disunion feeling again rose high, Mr. PERRY established a Union paper at Greenville, and persevered in its publication, though at great personal risk. A speech which he made in the Legislature was widely published throughout the North and South. Mr. PERRY's speech and President JACKSON's action had a wonderful effect in killing off secession in South Carolina, and when in 1851 an election was held for a State Convention to dissolve the Union nobody but the Union men voted, and the State did not secede.

Mr. PERRY takes strong grounds in favor of the admission of the Southern representatives to Congress before the organization of that body. In this regard he will doubtless be disappointed. Although we can not coincide with many of the opinions expressed by Mr. PERRY since his appointment as Provisional Governor of South Carolina, we can not but remember that he stands right on the record as regards the illegality of secession, and that whatever else he may be he is not a Democrat after the fashion of our Northern SEYMOURS and VALLANDIGHAMS.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

O BELLA ETA DELL' ORO!

CAREWORN and intent, his lips pressed nervously together, his brow contracted, his eyes, hand, and pen, all traveling swiftly in concert, William Trefalden bent over his desk, working against time, against danger, against fate. All that day long, and half the night before, he had been sitting in the same place, laboring at the same task, and his work was now drawing to a close. Piles of letters, papers, memoranda, deeds, and account-books crowded the table. A waste-paper basket, full to overflowing, was placed to the left of Mr. Trefalden's chair, and a large cash-box to the right of his desk. Although it was only the fifteenth of September, and the warm evening sunlight was pouring in through the open window, a fire burned in the grate. The fragments clinging to the bars and the charred tinder heap below indicated plainly enough for what purpose that fire had been kindled.

The sun sank lower and lower. The sullen roar of the great thoroughfare rose and fell, and never ceased. The drowsy city clocks, roused up for a few moments and grown suddenly garrulous, chimed the quarters every now and then, and, having discharged that duty, dozed off again directly. Then the last glow faded from the housetops, and the pleasant twilight—pleasant even in City streets and stifling offices—came gently over all.

Still Mr. Trefalden worked on; his eager pen now flying over the page, now arrested at the base of a column of figures, now laid aside for several minutes at a time. Methodically, resolutely, rapidly, the lawyer pursued his task; and it was a task both multifarious and complicated, demanding all the patience of which he was master, and taxing his memory to the uttermost. He had told his clerks that he was going out of town for six weeks, and was putting his papers in order before starting; but it was not so. He was going away, far away, never to set foot in that office again. He was turning his back upon London, upon England, upon his cousin Saxon, for ever and ever.

He had intended to do this weeks before. His plans had been all matured long enough in advance. He was to have been in Madeira, perhaps many an ocean-league farther still, by this time; but fate had gone against him, and here, on the fifteenth of September, he was yet in London.

Mrs. Rivière was dead. They had believed her to be gaining strength at Sydenham, and she had seemed to be so much better that the very day was fixed for their journey to Liverpool, when, having committed some trifling imprudence, she caught a severe cold, fell dangerously ill, and, after lingering some three or four weeks, died passively in her sleep, like a sick child. This event it was that delayed William Trefalden in his flight. He chafed, he wearied, he burned to be gone—but in vain; for he loved Helen Rivière—loved her with all the depth and passion that were in him, and, so loving her, could no more have left her in her extremity of grief and apprehension than he could have saved her mother from the grave. So he waited and waited on, week after week, till Mrs. Rivière was one day laid to rest in a sheltered corner of Norwood Cemetery. By this time September had come, and he well knew that there was danger for him in every rising of the sun. He knew that Saxon might come back, that the storm might burst and overwhelm him at any moment. So he hurried on his final preparations with feverish haste, and thus, on the evening of the fifteenth, was winding up his accounts, ready to take flight on the morning.

Now he untied a bundle of documents, and, having glanced rapidly at their indorsements, consigned them, unread, to the waste-paper basket. Now he opened a packet of letters, which he immediately tore up into countless fragments, thrust into the heart of the dull fire, and watched as they burned away. Deeds, copies of deeds, accounts, letters, returned checks, and miscellaneous papers of every description were thus disposed of in quick succession, some being given to the flames and some to the basket. At length, when table and safe were both thoroughly cleared, and the twilight had deepened into dusk, Mr. Trefalden lit his office-lamp, refreshed himself with a draught of cold water, and sat down once more to his desk.

This time he had other and pleasanter work on hand.

He drew the cash-box toward him, plunged his hands into it with a sort of eager triumph, and ranged its contents before him on the table. Those contents were of various kinds—paper, gold, and precious stones. Paper of various colors and various qualities, thick, thin, semi-transparent, bluish, yellowish, and white; gold in rouleaux; and precious stones in tiny canvas bags, tied at the mouth with red tape. Money—all money; or that which was equivalent to money!

For a moment William Trefalden leaned back in his chair and surveyed his treasure. It was a great fortune, a splendid fortune, a fortune carried off, as it were, at the sword's point. He had his own audacity, his own matchless skill to thank for every farthing of it. There it lay, two millions of money!

He smiled. Was his satisfaction troubled by no shadow of remorse? Not in the least. If some fresh lines had shown themselves of late about his mouth and brow, it may be safely assumed that they were summoned there by no "compunctious visitings." If William Trefalden looked anxious, it was because he felt the trembling of the mine beneath his feet, and knew that his danger grew more imminent with the delay of every hour. If William Trefalden cherished a regret, it was not because he had robbed his cousin of so much, but rather that he had not taken more.

Two millions of money! Pshaw! Why not three? Why not four? Two millions were barely his own rightful share of the Trefalden legacy. Had not Saxon inherited four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds, and in simple fairness should not he, William Trefalden, have secured at least another three hundred and eighty-eight thousand for himself?

There was one moment when he might have had it—one moment when, by the utterance of a word, he might have swept all, *all*, into his own hands! That moment was when Saxon gave him the power of attorney in the library of Castletowers. He remembered that his cousin had even proposed with his own lips to double the amount of the investment. Fool! overcautious, apprehensive fool that he had been to refuse it. He had absolutely not *dared* at the moment to grasp at the whole of the golden prize. He had dreaded lest the young man should not keep the secret faithfully; lest suspicion might be awakened among those through whose hands the money must pass; lest something should happen, something be said, something be done to bring about discovery. So, fearing to risk too much, he had let the glorious chance slip through his fingers, and now, when he might have realized all, he had to be content with less than half!

Well, even so, had he not achieved the possession of two millions? As he thought thus, as he contemplated the wealth before his eyes, he saw before him not mere gold and paper, but a dazzling vision of freedom, luxury, and love. His thoughts traversed the Atlantic, and there—in a new world, among a new people—he saw himself dwelling in a gorgeous home; rich in lands, equipages, books, pictures, slaves; adored by the woman whom he loved, and surrounded by all that makes life beautiful. Nor did he omit from this picture the respect of his fellow-citizens or the affection of his dependents. The man meant to live honestly in that magnificent future; nay, would have preferred to win his two millions honestly, if he could. He had too fine a taste, too keen a sense of what was agreeable, not to appreciate to its fullest extent the luxury of respectability. William Trefalden liked a clean conscience as he liked a clean shirt, because it was both comfortable and gentlemanly, and suited his notions of refinement. So he fully intended to sin no more, but to cultivate all manner of public and private virtues, and die at last in the odor of popularity.

This delicious dream flashed through his mind in less time than it occupies in the recital. Hopes, regrets, anticipations followed each other so swiftly that the smile with which his reverie began had scarcely faded from his lips when he again took up his pen and proceeded to note down in their order the particulars of his wealth.

For months past he had been quietly and cautiously disposing of this money, not selling out the whole two millions at once, but taking it a little at a time, placing some here, some there, and transferring the greater portion of it, under his assumed name of Forsyth, to foreign securities.

One by one he now examined each packet of notes and shares, each rouleau of gold, each bag of precious stones; returned each to the cash-box; and entered a memorandum of its nature and value in the pages of his private account-book. This account-book was a tiny little volume, fitted with a patent lock, and small enough to go into the waistcoat pocket. Had he lost it, the finder thereof would have profited little by its contents, for the whole was written in a cunning cipher of William Trefalden's own invention.

English bank-notes to the value of thousands and tens of thousands of pounds; notes of the Banque de France for tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of francs; American notes for tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars; Austrian notes, Russian notes, Belgian and Dutch notes, notes issued by many governments and of the highest denominations; certificates of government stock in all the chief capitals of Europe; shares in great Indian and European railways; in steam navigation companies, insurance companies, gas companies, docks, mines, and banks in all parts of the civilized world—in India, in Egypt, in Rio Janeiro, in Ceylon, in Canada, in New Zealand, in the Mauritius, in Jamaica, in Van Diemen's Land; rouleaux of English sovereigns, of Napoleons, of Friedrichs d'or; tiny bags of diamonds and rubies, each a dowry for a princess—money, money, money, in a thousand channels, in a thousand forms—there it lay, palpable to the eye and the touch; there it lay, and he entered it in his book, packed it away in his cash-box, and told it over to the uttermost farthing.

He alone knew the care, the anxious thought, the wearisome precautions that those investments had cost him. He alone knew how difficult it had been to choose the safe and avoid the doubtful; to be perpetually buying, first in this quarter, then in that, without attracting undue attention in the money market; to transact with his own unaided hand all the work connected with those purchases, and yet so to transact it that not even his own clerks should suspect how he was employed.

However, it was all over now—literally all over, when, at half past nine o'clock in the evening, he at length turned the key upon the last rouleau, and noted down the last sum in his account-book.

Then he took a deed-box from the shelf above the door, locked the cash-box inside, and put the key in his pocket. That deed-box was inscribed in white letters with the name of a former client—a client long since dead, called "Mr. Forsyth."

Having done this he placed both in a large carpet-bag lined throughout with strong leather and fitted with a curious and complicated padlock—a bag which he had had made for this express purpose weeks and weeks back. Last of all, having strapped and locked the bag; locked the empty safe; stirred the ashes beneath the grate to see if any unburned fragments yet remained; cast a farewell glance round the room in which so many hours of his life had been spent; put out his lamp, and put on his hat, William Trefalden took up the precious carpet-bag, and left the place, as he believed, forever.

But it was not forever. It was not even for ten minutes; for, behold, when he had gone down the gloomy staircase and unlatched the house-door at the end of the passage opening upon the street, he found himself face to face with a tall young man whose hand was at that very moment uplifted to ring the housekeeper's bell—a tall young man who stood between him and the lamplight and barred the way, exclaiming:

"Not so fast, if you please, cousin William. I must trouble you to turn back again, if you please. I have something to say to you."

CHAPTER LXXX.

FACE TO FACE.

OLIMPIA's fortitude broke down utterly when all was over. She neither sobbed, nor raved, nor gave expression to her woe as women are wont to do; but she seemed suddenly to loose her hold upon life and become lost in measureless despair. She neither spoke nor slept, hungered nor thirsted; but remained, hour after hour, pale, motionless, speechless as the one for whom she mourned. From this apathy she was by-and-by roused to the sharp agony of a last, inevitable parting. This was when her father's corpse was removed at Civita Vecchia, and Lord Castletowers left them in order to attend the poor remains to their last resting-place in Rome; but this trial over, and her disguise exchanged for mourning robes befitting her sorrow and her sex, Miss Colonna relapsed into her former lethargy, and passively accepted such advice as those about her had to offer. The yacht then went on to Nice, where, in accordance with Saxon's suggestion, Olimpia was to await the Earl's return.

It is unnecessary to say that Saxon cast anchor in vain in the picturesque port of that pleasant town. In vain he called upon the English consul; in vain applied to the chief of police, to the postal authorities, to every official personage from whom he conceived it possible to procure the information of which he was in search. The name of Rivière had not been heard in the place.

He examined the visitors' list for the last three months, but found no record of their arrival. He inquired at the bank with the same unsatisfactory result. It was the slack season, too, at Nice—the season when visitors are few, and every stranger is known by name and sight—and yet no ladies answering in any way to his description had been seen there that summer.

Having spent the best part of a day in the prosecution of this hopeless quest, Saxon was forced at last to conclude that Mrs. and Miss Rivière were not merely undiscoverable in Nice, but that they had never been to Nice at all.

And now, he asked himself, what was to be done? To leave Miss Colonna among strangers was impossible. To remain with her at Nice was, for himself, equally impossible. However, Olimpia cut the knot of this difficulty by announcing her desire to be taken at once to England. She had friends in London, dear and tried friends, who had labored with her in the Italian cause for many years, among whom she would now find tender sympathy. She expressed no wish to go to Castletowers, as she would surely have done a few months before; and Saxon, knowing the cause of her silence, dared not propose it to her.

So, having written a hasty line to Lord Castletowers, informing him of their change of plans, Saxon dispatched his yacht to Portsmouth, bade farewell to Montecuculi, who was now hastening back to south Italy, and conducted Miss Colonna back through France as fast as the fastest trains could take them. On the fifteenth of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they landed at Dover. By eight o'clock that same evening the young man had conducted the lady to the house of a friend at Chiswick, and, having dispatched a hasty dinner at his club, posted down to the City—not so much with any expectation of finding his cousin at the office as in the hope of learning something of his whereabouts. What he actually anticipated was to hear that the lawyer had disappeared long since, and was gone no one knew whither.

He was therefore almost as much startled as the lawyer himself when the door opened, as it were, under his hand, and he found himself standing face to face with William Trefalden.

"This is indeed a surprise, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they withdrew into the passage.

"I fear not an agreeable one, cousin William," replied the young man, sternly.

But the lawyer had already surveyed his position, and chosen his line of defense. If, for a moment, his heart failed within him, he betrayed no sign of confusion. Quick to think, prompt to act, keenly sensible that his one hope lay in his own desperate wits, he became at once master of the situation.

"Nay," he replied, quite easily and pleasantly, "how should it be other than agreeable to welcome you back after three months' absence? I scarcely expected, however, to see you quite so soon. Why did you not write to tell me you were coming?"

But to this question, Saxon, following his cousin up the staircase, made no reply.

Mr. Trefalden unlocked his office-door, lit his office-lamp, and led the way into his private room.

"And now, Saxon," said he, "sit down and tell me all about Norway."

But Saxon folded his arms, and remained standing.

"I have nothing to tell you about Norway," he replied. "I have not been to Norway."

"Not been to Norway? Where then have you been, my dear fellow?"

"To Italy—to the East."

He looked hard at his cousin's face as he said this; but Mr. Trefalden only elevated his eyebrows the very least in the world, seated himself carelessly in his accustomed chair, and replied:

"A change of programme, indeed! What caused you to give up the North?"

"Chance. Perhaps fate."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear Saxon," he said, "you have grown quite oracular in your style of conversation. But why do you not sit down?"

"Because you and I are friends no longer," replied the young man; "because you have betrayed the trust I placed in you, and the friendship I gave you; because you have wronged me, lied to me, robbed me; because you are a felon, and I am an honest man!"

Mr. Trefalden turned livid with rage, and grasped the arm of his chair so fiercely that the veins swelled upon his hand, and the knuckles stood out white beneath the skin.

"Have you reflected, Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a deep, suppressed voice, "that this is such language as no one man can forgive from another?"

"Forgive!" echoed Saxon, indignantly. "Do *you* talk to *me* of forgiveness? Do you understand that I know all—all? All your treachery, all your baseness? I know that your Overland Company is a lie. I know there are neither directors nor shares, engineers nor works. I know that the whole scheme was simply a gigantic fraud devised by yourself for your own iniquitous ends!"

The lawyer bit his lips, and his eye glittered dangerously; but he kept his passion down, and replied, with forced calmness:

"You know, I presume, that the New Overland Route scheme was a bubble. I could have told you that. I could also have told you that I have not the honor to be the contriver of that bubble. On the contrary, I am one of its victims."

Saxon looked at him with bitter incredulity; but he went on:

"As for your money, it is all safe—or nearly all. You have lost about sixteen thousand pounds by the transaction—I, as many hundreds."

"If it were not that I can scarcely conceive of so much infamy as would be implied in the doubt," said Saxon, "I should say that I do not believe one word of what you tell me!"

"You will repent this," said Mr. Trefalden, grinding the words out slowly between his teeth. "You will repent this from your very soul!"

Saxon put his hand to his brow, and pushed back his hair in an impatient, bewildered way.

"If I only knew what to believe!" he exclaimed, passionately.

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"If you will have the goodness to come here to-morrow at twelve," he said, "I will send one of my clerks with you to the Bank of England, to satisfy you of the safety of your money. In the mean while, I do not see that any thing is gained by a conversation which, on one side, at least, consists of mere vituperation. Have you any thing more to say to me?"

"Yes. Where are Mrs. and Miss Rivière?"

"Mrs. Rivière is dead. Miss Rivière has returned to Florence."

"You told me they were at Nice."

"I believed it when I told you so, but I was mistaken."

"One more question, if you please. What have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds due to Mr. Behrens?"

The lawyer rose haughtily from his seat.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Simply this—what have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds placed in your hands by Lord Castletowers two years ago, for the payment of Mr. Behrens's claim?"

"This, I presume, is meant for another insult?" said Mr. Trefalden. "I decline to reply to it."

"You had better reply to it," cried the young man, earnestly. "For your own sake, I counsel you to reply to it. To-morrow will be too late."

The lawyer took a card from the mantle-shelf, and flung it disdainfully upon the table.

"There is Mr. Behrens's card," he said. "Go yourself to him to-morrow, and ask whether his mortgage has been paid off or not."

Saxon snatched up the card, and read: "Oliver Behrens, *Woolstapler*, 70 *Bread Street, E. C.*"

"God forgive you if you are again deceiving me, William!" he said.

But Mr. Trefalden only pointed to the open door.

"Whatever more you may have to say to me," he replied, "I will hear to-morrow."

Saxon lingered for a moment on the threshold, still looking earnestly, almost imploringly, in the lawyer's face. Then, once more saying "God forgive you if you are deceiving me!" he turned away, and went slowly down the stairs.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

HOW MR. KECKWITCH PASSED THE SUMMER HOURS.

Returning to his chambers weary and anxious, Saxon was not particularly delighted to find his dear friend, Mr. Laurence Greatorex, in possession of a sofa, making himself thoroughly at home with a newspaper, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette. Somewhat over-demonstrative at the best of times, the banker's greetings were more than commonly oppressive on this occasion.

"I happened to drop into the club," he said, "and, hearing that you had been seen there today, I wouldn't lose an hour in coming to see you, my dear boy—not an hour!"

And then he shook hands with Saxon for the twentieth time, and again protested that he was never so glad to see any one in his life—never, by Jove!

"But you don't look much the better for your Norwegian trip," he added.

"I suppose I am tired," replied Saxon, with a glance at the time-piece. "I have been traveling incessantly for some days."

"I hope you are not too tired to hear something that I have to tell you," said the banker.

"What is it about?"

"Well, it's about your precious cousin in Chancery Lane."

Saxon shook his head impatiently.

"Oh, Mr. Greatorex," he said, "that will wait till to-morrow."

"I am not so sure that will. I am not sure, Trefalden, that you have come one day too soon."

"If you mean that the new Company is all a bubble," said Saxon, gloomily, "I know it already."

"You do?"

Saxon nodded.

"Lost money by it?"

"Yes, some."

"All that Mr. Trefalden undertook to invest for you?"

"No; less than one hundredth part of it." Only sixteen thousand pounds."

"Less than one hundredth part of it!" repeated the banker. "By all the powers, then, you had intrusted him with something like two millions of money!"

"Just two millions."

"What has become of the remaining nineteen hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds?"

"It is re-invested, I presume, in Government stock."

"You presume? What do you mean by saying you 'presume?' Who told you so?"

"My cousin himself, not an hour ago. He said he would send one of his clerks with me to-morrow to the Bank of England, that I might satisfy myself as to the safety of my money."

Mr. Greatorex got up and took three or four turns about the room, thinking profoundly.

"Did he tell you he was going shortly out of town?"

"No."

"And you took him by surprise, did you not?"

"Quite by surprise."

"Humph! Made an appointment with you for to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At his office."

"What hour?"

"Twelve."

Mr. Greatorex struck the table sharply with his open hand.

"Then he won't keep it!" exclaimed he. "I'd stake my head that he won't keep it!"

Saxon, leaning his head moodily upon his hands, was of the same opinion.

"Now, look here, Trefalden," said the banker, excitedly, "I have had my suspicions of your cousin all along. You know that; but some queer things have come to my ears of late. Do you know where he lives?"

"No."

"I do. Do you know *how* he lives?"

"Not in the least."

"I do."

"How did you come by your knowledge?"

"By means of his own head clerk—a fat fellow with a wheezy voice and a face like an over-boiled apple-pudding."

"I know the man—Mr. Keckwitch."

"The same. And now, if you will just listen to me for five minutes, I'll tell you the whole story from beginning to end."

And with this Mr. Greatorex related all about his interview with the lawyer, telling how William Trefalden had faltered and changed color at the first mention of the new Company; how speciously he had explained away Saxon's statement regarding the investment; and how, at the close of the interview, the banker found that he had not really advanced one step toward the corroboration of his doubts. About a week or ten days, however, after this interview, Mr. Abel Keckwitch presented himself in Lombard Street, and, with an infinite deal of cautious circumlocution, gave Laurence Greatorex to understand that he would be willing to co-operate with him, to any safe extent, against William Trefalden. Then came a string of strange disclosures. Then, for the first time, the banker learned the mystery of the lawyer's private life. A long course of secret and profuse expenditure, of debt, of pleasure, of reckless self-indulgence, was laid open to his astonished eyes. The history of the fair but frail Madame Duvernay, and every detail of the ménage of Elton House, down to the annual sum-total of Mr. Trefalden's wine-bill and the salary of his French cook, were unfolded with a degree of method and precision eminently characteristic of Mr. Keckwitch's peculiar talents. He had devoted the leisure of the whole summer to this delightful task, and had exhausted his ingenuity in its accomplishment. He had learned every thing which it was possible for any man not actually residing within the walls of Elton House to know. He had followed Madame's elegant little brougham to the parks, listened to her singing in the stillness of the summer evenings, and watched his employer in and out of the house over and over again. He had ingratiated himself with the Kensington trades-people; he had made acquaintance with the tax-collector; he had even achieved a ponderous, respectable, church-going flirtation with Madame's housekeeper, who was a serious person, with an account at the savings-bank. In short, when Mr. Keckwitch brought his information to Lombard Street, he knew quite enough to be a valuable coadjutor, and Mr. Laurence Greatorex was only too glad to grasp at the proffered alliance.

"And now, my dear boy," said the banker, "the most important fact of all is just this—William Trefalden is preparing to bolt. For the last two days he has been posting up his accounts, clearing out old papers, and the like. He tells the people in Chancery Lane that he is going out of town for a few weeks; but Keckwitch don't believe it, and no more do I. He has his eye upon the Stars and Stripes as sure as your name is Saxon Trefalden!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OBITUARY.

Dyed.—On Monday last, at Phalon's, in this city, of a jet black, Mr. James Grizzlewig's whiskers, in the twenty-seventh year of their age, sincerely regretted by all who knew them.

Also, on the same day, at No. 752 Broadway, Miss M'Flimsey's merino shawl, aged thirteen years.

No need of urn or tablet here
To whisper to us "Thou wert dear."

Why is a drowned donkey like a horse-doctor?—Because he's a wet-an'-hairy-un!

Sheridan was walking in the suburbs of London one day arm in arm with a boon companion. A passer-by recognized him, and remarked to his friend, "He's a great *genus*, is that Sheridan." "That fellow has *murdered* the word," observed Sheridan's friend. "Oh no," replied Sheridan, "he has only knocked an EYE out of it!"

A man coming home one night rather late, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end, and the little ball unwinding, he soon had several yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling."

It is easy to say "Know thyself," but who is to introduce you? Most people go through life without making the advantageous acquaintance in question.

SAINT PATRICK AND KILPATRICK.

Saint Patrick had a neat estate,
His very pride and joy;
They called it Jersey, but of late
'Twas Camden and Amboy.

Saint Patrick's title seem'd secure;
From out his saintly hod
He dump'd the ballots, fix'd and sure,
Or changed them with his nod.

His hazel wand that laid the snakes
Republicans did slay;
In every race he swept the stakes
As in an easy play.

But soon another Patrick came,
With conquering sword and will;
He drops the "Saint" and mends the name
With dire, prophetic *Kil*.

The hazel rod one reptile spared—
The Copperhead lived still;
But changeful fate this time declared
Her Patrick should be Kil.

Hibernian Patrick now is Kil(l)ed,
And killed outright is Runyon;
The brazen serpent's place is filled
And Warded by the Union.

A Wicked Joke.—When is a helmsman like a candle?—When he's *stearine*.

"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the King, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The King stared, whistled, and signed.

Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could command the best. They made a bet at length, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they began: "Vell, Chon," said the first, "did it rain to-morrow?" "I shall tink it vash," said John. Wasn't that judge in a quandary?

"I knew a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, piteously, that she didn't much object to the taste, but that she thought it so cruel and wicked to kill turtle-doves."

A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof the Court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat; I can't prove it; and I am sorry for it."

Exercise for City Clerks.—A run on a bank.

The Advertiser's Paradise.—Puffin Island.

At a school examination a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

Pig and Little.—What's the difference between Tupper's stuff and pork stuffing?—The one is good enough for the sage's saws and the other for the sausages.

To People Down in the World.—Try the new Hotels: they will give you a Lift.

White Bait—Widows caps.

The newest thing out is "plumpers" for hollow cheeked damsels. The plumper is made of porcelain, pear-shaped in form, flat on one side and bulging out on the other. They fit on the inside of the cheeks, giving a round, plump appearance; hence doubtless their name.

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't do something useful. Mightn't they as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as in smoking cigars?

There is said to be something consoling for every ill in this life. For instance, if a man is bald-headed his wife can't pull his hair.

A lady, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers the poet, "What do you think?—my husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man," replied Rogers, "it's just like him."

If a shoemaker, in approaching his *end*, waxes cold and gives up his *awl*, what will become of his *sole* if he can not breathe his *last*?

Literary Note.—People have been greatly puzzled to understand the changes in the name of the firm of Longman, London. Once there was a Brown, and then there was a Green. But now the mystery is explained—there is a Dyer in the firm.

A little girl being sent to a store to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk:

"John, what do folks dye with?"

"Die with? Why, cholera sometimes," replied John.

"Well, I believe that's the name. I want to have three cents' worth."

The following is said to be the private recipe of a Washoe editor—but we don't believe it: "Take one pint of whisky, stir it well with one spoonful of whisky; then add another pint of whisky—beat carefully with a spoon, and keep pouring in whisky. Fill a large bowl with water, and make the servants set it out of your reach. Take a small tumbler, pour in two spoonfuls of water; pour out the water and fill up with whisky, and add to the above. Flavor with whisky to your taste. A dose: three 'fingers' every half hour."

How to Learn to Love your Enemies.—Play at Croquet.

Robbers come just like rain—they fall on the just and the unjust.

New Name for a Stealer of Watches.—Procrastination.

A celebrated judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

Milk makes a man fat, but whisky makes him *lean*.

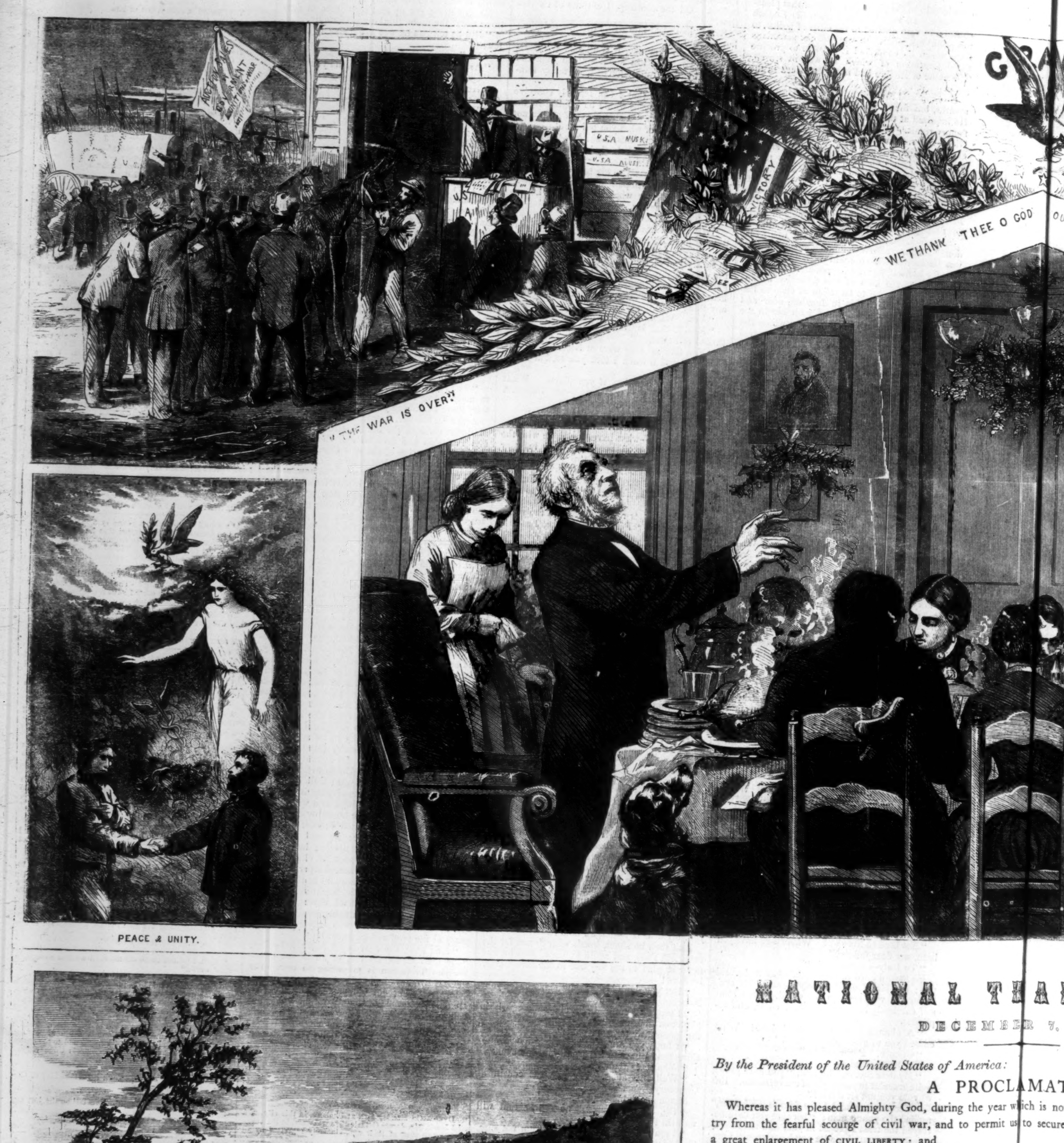
"It is never too late to mend," as the old lady said when she sat up until 12 P.M. to darn her husband's stockings.

Why is the letter R the embodiment of every American patriot's wish?—Because it is the end of war and the commencement of re-union.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly: "I really don't know, Miss; I don't recollect attending one."

"Pa, how many legs has a ship?" "A ship has no legs, my child." "Why, pa, the paper says she draws twenty feet, and that she runs before the wind."

It was told Lord Chesterfield that a lady, who was a great termagant, was married to a gamester; on which his lordship said "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."



PEACE & UNITY.

FRUITS OF AN ABUNDANT SEASON.

NATIONAL THA

DECEMBER 7.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMAT

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, during the year which is no
try from the fearful scourge of civil war, and to permit us to secure
a great enlargement of CIVIL LIBERTY; and

Whereas our Heavenly Father has also, during the year, graciously
ilence, and famine, while OUR GRANARIES ARE FULL OF THE FRUITS OF

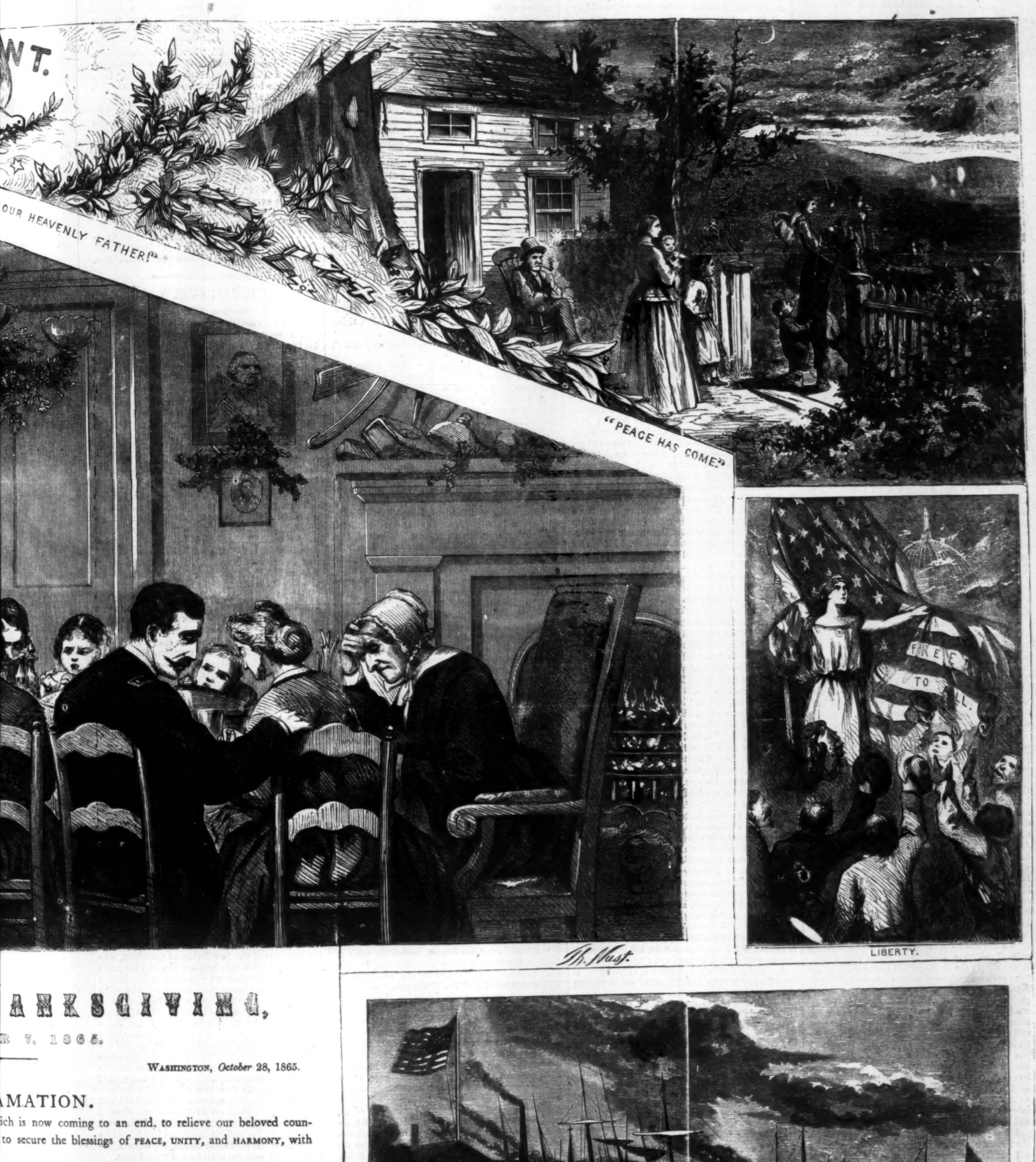
Whereas righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach t

Now, therefore, I, ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States,
they do set apart and observe the First Thursday of December as a
the Universe for THESE DELIVERANCES AND BLESSINGS.

And I do further recommend that on that occasion the whole pe
His infinite goodness, and with one heart and one mind implore the
and holiness.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused th
at the City of Washington this twenty-eighth day of October, i
dred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United Sta

By the President,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.


NT.
OUR HEAVENLY FATHER!"
FREE TO ALL.
Th. Nast

"PEACE HAS COME."

LIBERTY.

PLENTY OF WORK.

ANKSGIVING,

R 7, 1865.

Washington, *October* 28, 1865.

AMATION.

ich is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved coun-
to secure the blessings of **peace, unity,** and **harmony,** with

raciously averted from us the calamities of foreign war, pest-
RUITS OF AN ABUNDANT SEASON; and
eproach to any people;
ted States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof that
mber as a day of National Thanksgiving to the Creator of

whole people make confession of our national sins against
nplore the Divine guidance in the ways of national virtue

caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done
October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hun-
Inited States the ninetieth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

The weary night of war is gone,
  Its shadows grim and ghastly flee;
The day her robes of Peace puts on,
  And chants her matins, Lord, to Thee!

The morning's song that soars to heaven,
  We join, O God! with voice and heart;
At Thy command the clouds are riven,
  Thou smilest and our woes depart.

When the red tide of blood ran high,
  And Treason like a demon raged,
Our banners drooped not in the sky,
  For Thy great arm our battle waged.

Before its front, where fiery hail
  Fell thick and fast, our Ark we bore,
'Twas Freedom's death if we should fail,
  And Life were worth the choice no more.

In the blue heaven of Peace we see,
  Serenely shining, orbed and great,
The quenchless Star of Liberty,
  That pours its beams on every State—

For broken chains that fettered men,
  For Pride cast down that factions bred,
For bonds of Union forged again,
  'Twixt States at Freedom's altar wed:

And more than all, for holier Peace
  Than that the Sword e'er wins or keeps,
Our grateful songs shall never cease,
  Till Praise in Death's sad silence sleeps.

FARMER BELL'S THANKSGIVING.

A cozy, comfortable home was Farmer Bell's. Originally it was one of those old-fashioned farm-houses which are "pretty much all kitchen," and that kitchen as delightful a spot to pass a winter evening in as you would find in a day's ride. But as he prospered Farmer Bell had built a modern front to his house, so that he now had a parlor, where there was a mantle-piece surmounted by two gilt vases filled with dried grasses, and a centre-table covered with books and daguerreotypes, and a fashionable stove with flying cupids on the sides. On great occasions, such as Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, the parlor was warmed and occupied; and throughout this goodly land there was no man who observed Thanksgiving Day more religiously than did Farmer Bell. That day had never passed over his head without its every item of customary observance—from the going to "meeting" in the morning, down to the cranberry sauce, without which no holiday turkey is a perfect success. And it was wont to be Farmer Bell's cheerful boast that Thanksgiving Day had never passed over his head in gloom. But this year the good man looked forward to the coming of that day with painful feelings, for it promised to be accompanied with little comfort. Farmer Bell had been unfortunate.

In the spring Mr. Bell, looking forward to his son Leonard's contemplated marriage with Miss Emily Sutton, the pretty music teacher in the village, had resolved to risk his all in a great speculation that would inside of a year net him a good thousand dollars of clean profit, and this was to be Leonard's marriage portion. So Farmer Bell commenced buying up lean cattle. Owing to the army demand for beef, cattle were bought up very clean all over the country, and prices were very high. At that time there was a good prospect of an advance, and even if prices held on as they were he would make an excellent profit. He mortgaged his farm to Squire Gripe, a hard old fellow in the village, who refused to take a mortgage for a full year on the house, but agreed to transfer it to the cattle in the fall if the farmer was not ready to pay; and Farmer Bell was not the kind of man to trouble himself about such a matter. Though I call his enterprise a "speculation," it was not of that precarious order of enterprise which flourishes in Wall Street; it was simply the turning of all the energies of his farm in one direction—that is to say, the feeding of lean cattle for the market. Few mundane things could be more certain than that the prices of beef would long rule high; and as the farmer went about the country picking up one "creature" here and another there, and paying cash down for each, he soon got together as fine a herd of lean cattle as you will often see in any pasture—fifty of them, bought for something less than two thousand dollars cash, and certain to sell for at least three thousand when fattened. Three thousand dollars was an immense sum of money to Farmer Bell, as it is to many a well-to-do farmer who never knew want and never expects to.

When the news of the peace came some thought the farmer was in a bad mess, and advised him to sell out for what he could get; but it was not his way to relinquish a scheme easily after he had once set out on it, and so he held on. As prices continued good, and even improved, after the peace, Farmer Bell considered his boy's fortune as good as made; and so the time for the wedding was set, and due preparations begun. It was to be on Thanksgiving Eve—eve of the happiest day of the whole year, in Farmer Bell's opinion.

Leonard Bell was a fine young farmer of twenty-five, of an intelligent, well-read mind, who had intended to adopt a professional life, but had found by a little experience that his robust physique would not endure so much confinement, and so had resolved on following out his father's line of life. He sang bass in the choir of the Methodist church in the village, where Miss Emily Sutton played the organ, and there he had formed the acquaintance with her which had ripened into love and proposal. Emily was an orphan, born and reared in a distant State, who, after her parents died, came to Reyton and resided with an aunt, and supported herself by giving lessons on the piano-forte, and playing the organ for a salary of $60 a year. Notwithstanding she had a very pretty face and a lively disposition, Emily was a remarkably sensible little woman, as she sufficiently showed by her appreciation of Leonard Bell. Farmer Bell was quite delighted with his son's choice, and was never tired of animadverting on her excellences.

"No matter if she is poor, Leonard," he would sometimes say, with a great ostentation of contempt for wealth, "that's no more than your mother was when I married her. She never brought me a cent, but she brought me what's a thousand times better, a tender heart and a sensible head and a busy hand. And look how I have prospered."—For Farmer Bell considered himself decidedly a wealthy man.

Along in October his cattle were all in shed, and his heart glowed at sight of them. But one morning after he had been feeding them, and was looking them over with an admiring eye, his attention was attracted by the curious behavior of one of his best "creatures," who had her legs drawn under her as if she was cold, while the muscles of the neck and shoulders twitched spasmodically. He did not know at first what it meant; but when he saw a peculiar discharge from her nose, and found that her ears and legs had become as cold as ice, a chill of terror ran through him, for he recognized the symptoms of the *rinderpest*, the new cattle pestilence. The frightful disease ran like wild-fire through the herd, and was conveyed to his horses too, so that the whole were swept away in a fearfully short time; and Farmer Bell was a ruined man.

This, then, was his condition as Thanksgiving Day drew nigh. Of course the mortgage could not now be transferred to the cattle, and he knew Squire Gripe too well to hope that he would give him an extension now that his property was gone. And even if he should, what hope was there?

"It would take me half a lifetime to get two thousand dollars together, Ruth," he said to his wife. "Every thing will have to go. I don't know what will become of us. You'll have to put off your marriage, Leonard, for the old man has got nothing for you—not even a corner of the old home to live in. It's hard, ain't it, boy?"

"I shall not put it off, father," said Leonard, "unless Emily wishes it, and I don't think she will. I shall tell her all about it, and leave it to her to trust herself to a young man with nothing but a strong arm and a willing heart. It would be a pity if we could not live comfortably by our own exertions. Don't be so downcast, father. I'll have a home of my own yet, and a corner in it for the old folks, too, if they need it. People don't starve to death in this country."

"Bless your generous heart, Leonard," said Farmer Bell; *I* sha'n't balk you if Miss Sutton don't; but you'll have hard pulling for a while, I'm afraid."

When Leonard told Emily about it her bright eyes first flashed with light, and then dimmed with tears at the picture of the old folks' desolation which her sympathetic heart beheld; but she said,

"My selfish soul is glad, Leonard, for now I can help you. Our home will want for nothing. You have no idea how much money I can earn with these little fingers; and if that ugly Squire Gripe takes their home away from them, your father and mother shall live with *us*, Leonard."

"Darling girl," said the delighted young man, "you are a prize indeed, and worthy of a better man than I am. I haven't had any fears of my own, Emily, from the first, and with you at my side I'll defy Fortune's frowns."

"Spoken like a soldier-boy," said Emily. For Leonard had served his three years in the war, the reader must know—which helped the pretty music-teacher in her efforts to fall in love with him.

So the preparations for the wedding went on just as before, and when the night before Thanksgiving came they were married at the old farm-house, in the presence of a merry party of friends. But Farmer Bell's face was not a cheerful one. The consciousness of his impending fate hung over him continually like a pall, and it was impossible to keep him in good spirits. The mortgage was past due—had been for several days—and knowing the hard character of Squire Gripe he had been expecting notice of the foreclosure daily, till it had made him as nervous as a woman, and robbed him of his rest. The mysterious behaviour of Gripe in holding off so long as he had, helped to puzzle the old man's mind and increase his anxiety. He felt a peculiar thrill of pleasure, it must be confessed, when Emily went up and put her hand in his and called him father, for Farmer Bell had never had a daughter of his own; but it was momentary.

"We anticipate such a glorious Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow, father," said she. "I hope you have killed the fattest turkey."

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Bell answered for him, "the turkey is all stuffed and ready for the basting. John always relishes his Thanksgiving turkey more than all the other dinners of the year. Don't you, John?"

"Thanksgiving Day has always been a happy day with me, wife," said Farmer Bell, as if striving to appear cheerful; "and I'll do *my* best toward making to-morrow happy, I promise you." But through his mind that same moment ran the thought, where will we all be come this time next year?

But when they gathered about the old table in the great roomy kitchen the next day, for one brief hour Farmer Bell's gloom was dissipated by the joyousness of the scene and its pleasant associations. Leonard's bright-eyed young wife was in abounding good spirits, and laughed and chatted till Farmer Bell forgot the mortgage and every thing else but the genial pleasure of the hour. Emily complimented every thing on the table, and declared it the nicest dinner she ever sat down to in her life. The turkey was done to a turn; the pumpkin-pie was a marvel of culinary perfection. It was while they were discussing the pies that Farmer Bell began to tell a laughable reminiscence of his youth, in which a pumpkin jack-o'-lantern figured, and which caused great merriment around the board; and as he was in the midst of the funniest part he glanced out the window, his face suddenly paled, and he uttered an exclamation of terror and consternation. Squire Gripe's well-known rusty old horse and chaise were at the hitching-post by the gate, and Gripe himself was limping up the walk toward the house.

"He can't be coming to serve the notice on Thanksgiving Day!" cried Leonard, anxiously.

"Why not?" said Farmer Bell, in a bitter tone; "he keeps no holidays. Probably some business brings him out this road, and he's for saving the sheriff's fee and an extra journey at the same time."

The Squire's nervous rap was heard at the door, and Farmer Bell asked his wife to remain seated—he would go to the door himself. So he left the room.

"How are ye—eh—Mr. Bell?" asked the Squire, in his peculiar piping treble. "Coolish—eh—coolish out?"

"Yes, Sir," said the farmer, showing his guest into the parlor, where the Thanksgiving fire was burning. "Well, Sir," he added, as soon as the Squire was seated, "I suppose you're on business?"

"Yes—eh—but not with you, Mr. Bell," was the answer. "It's Miss—eh—Sutton I want to see. She's here, ain't she?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "or rather Miss Sutton that was. She's my son's wife now."

"Oh, then it's—eh—come off, has it? Heard something about it, but didn't know when—eh—it was to come off. Congrat'late ye."

"I'll send her in," said the farmer; and he went into the kitchen to do his errand.

"Oh, it's me he wants, is it?" said Emily, rising from the table.

"Do you want your husband?" asked Leonard, curiously.

"No," said she, laughing; "I'll do without my protector this time. If I scream you can come, you know." And then she tripped out of the room.

A few minutes after Squire Gripe limped down the garden path, and drove off, as Emily came into the kitchen again and sat down to finish her dinner.

"What does make you all so gloomy?" she asked; "I declare, father, one would think there had been a funeral instead of a wedding. Mother, I must have another piece of that delicious pie."

"Ah, Emily," said the farmer, "you've got a cheerful heart. You'll be a blessing to Leonard. Nothing can damp your spirits."

"A blessing to all of you, I hope," said Emily, in a low and thrilling tone, as tears started into her kind brown eyes. "Dear, dear!" she added, in a half-vexed voice, "why *don't* some of you ask me what Squire Gripe wanted with me? Have you no curiosity in the Bell family?"

The father, mother, and son exchanged embarrassed looks; for all conversation on the subject of the dreaded mortgage had been avoided among them by common consent since Emily came; and they could not speak of the man who held it except with direct reference to the one subject. The sudden words they had uttered at the sight of the Squire at the gate had been evoked by the excitement of the moment, and forgotten as soon as uttered.

"Well, if you won't ask me," said Emily, "I'll tell you without asking. Or rather I'll show you. Come in the parlor, please."

She took hold of Farmer Bell's muscular arm with her two little hands, and they all went in. There was a folded paper lying on the table. Farmer Bell stared at it as if it were a ghost. The word "MORTGAGE" was printed on it in large letters, and there was some writing underneath.

"He came to bring you that, father," said Emily.

"Bring—me—what?" stammered Farmer Bell, with white lips, his eyes moving from the paper to the young woman like a man in a dream. "What is it?"

"Look at it and see," said Emily; "you ought to know it. You have seen it before."

Farmer Bell took the paper from the table with trembling hands and opened it. He looked at the top and read "This Indenture;" he looked at the bottom and saw his own signature, and under it that of his wife Ruth Bell, and opposite each a little round seal with blue edge.

"It is yours, father," whispered Emily; "tear it up."

"What!" cried the farmer, finding his voice at last. "Mine? Where'd *you* get it, Emily? You can't have wheedled old Gripe out of a two-thousand-dollar mortgage for all you're the winningest bit of womankind alive. Mine, Emily? Why, this is the mortgage on my house! Ha, ha, ha! Mother, what are you crying about? God bless you, daughter, I can't understand it, but I know you're—"

The old fellow broke down in spite of himself when he got so far, and drew out his red silk handkerchief and wiped his moist eyes that he might bend over and look again at the mortgage, which he had put back on the table as carefully as if it were made of gold leaf.

How Emily explained the presence here of the mortgage was very simple: she had bought it some time before—in fact on the day of its expiration—and as a part of her bargain had stipulated that the paper should be delivered to her, at Farmer Bell's, by Squire Gripe himself, on Thanksgiving Day.

But to her present auditors this explanation only served to create a deeper mystery; where should Emily get so much money?

"So the time has come," said she, "when I must expose my secret—a secret that I have kept for three long years without a solitary confidante. When my mother died she left me property worth a few thousand dollars which my father never disturbed, and though he died insolvent, you see I had something. But as my property was in Reyton here, and was managed by an agent who never used my name to tenants, it was supposed that I was penniless. When I saw what a difference my supposed poverty made in the manner of the *bigger sex* toward me, I concluded not to dissipate their delusion, so that if I ever did marry I should marry an honest man, who loved me for myself; and that is just what I have done," she said, putting her hand contentedly in Leonard's.

"You blessed little humbug!" murmured Leonard.

"And now," said she, "what's to be done with this ugly bit of paper?" pointing to the mortgage on the table.

"It is yours, dear daughter," said Farmer Bell; "you have bought it with your money, and I will pay it off yet. You'll give me plenty of time, I know, and plenty of time is all I ask."

"Oh, *don't* be so sober!" cried Emily, impatiently; and then she added, "how much—eh—time do you call—eh—plenty of time?" in such a surprising imitation of Squire Gripe's piping, hesitating voice that it was irresistibly laughable, and Farmer Bell nearly choked himself over it.

Emily patted the farmer on his broad back with mock solicitude, and when he was quite recovered and stood wiping his red face with his silk handkerchief, Emily quietly took the mortgage from the table with the stove tongs, and holding it off at arm's-length carried it and put it in the fire.

"There!" said she, "that's the end of that thing. And now, father, I'm dying to hear the end of that story you were telling at the table about the pumpkin jack-o'-lantern, when Squire—eh—Gripe interrupted you."

If there was a merrier Thanksgiving group in the land than that at Farmer Bell's fireside for the rest of that blessed day I should like to know of it.

THE YANKEE GIRL'S STORY.

He was the stingiest old curmudgeon that ever did draw the mortal breath of life, and I rather guess that if breathing was taxed he would have drawed his last breath the moment he saw the tax-collector, unless he could have breathed through his trowsers unbeknownst. He was about sixty years old—Well, he wasn't such a bad old critter—all on us has our failins, and his stinginess sprung on him sudden. He got a little touched in his upper story, and though he had lots of money he kinder allowed he was as poor as Job's turkey, and certain sure to go to the poor-house.

He was such an absent-minded old critter, too, and toward the last of the time I lived there his head might as well been on the town pump for all the use it was to him.

My greatest trials were when old—well, I'll just call him He and then you'll know who I mean—when He went out in the morning after he got into his absent ways, cause I was sure something would happen to him before he got home. I remember once hearing the front door-bell ring, about half past eleven in the morning, and a washin' day at that, and I hadn't got through my washin', and just as soon as I heard that bell I knew in a minit something had happened. So I ran up stairs and opened it, and there stood an ugly old nigger, looking as meek as Moses, and dressed in black broadcloth, only it looked as if some of the crock had come off his skin and soiled his clothes. Come to take a good look, as sure as gospel promise to repentant sinners, if it wasn't old He! He'd got into a charcoal cart that was standing in the street, and thought it was an omnibus, and told the charcoal man to drop him at his number. Sure as the Tower of Babel never was finished that old man never put his foot inside of that door until I took a good carpet-broom and dusted him off. I felt just like putting him into the wash-tub. I could have wrung him out and pinned him on to the clothes-line, and my opinion he would have swung there till Gabriel blowed his horn and never known where he was.

He was an old bachelor, least ways I always guessed he was. He didn't have no relations but a sister who lived in the country. She was a nice old critter, but as green as a gourd. She never did come to town but she was cheated and imposed upon by every human bein' she came in contact with. All the hackmen knew her, and when they saw that old green calash of hers poking out of a railway car at the dêpôt they always tossed up to see who should have her, cause they knew they could ride her all over the town and make her pay three or four dollars for it. It wasn't only two squares from the dêpôt to our house, and the blessed old critter will believe to the day of her death that it's ten miles if it's an inch. One night she ordered a hack to go and hear one of the new-fashioned preachers, who believe that Noah only had one son and his name was Ham. And what dew you think, if that Hiram Doolittle, that carroty-head hackman, who came from Byfield, and who they dew say had four wives and all of them living, and who wasn't a bit better than Brigham Young, and hadn't been sent to the Penitentiary either, didn't go and take her right off to the theatre, and bought a ticket and got her seated in a front seat in the dress circle, old green calash and all, and she never knew where she was until she got home and I told her all about it, and she cried and said there was no salvation for her, and then she laughed, and then she got sterical, and the next day she told me all about it, and thought it wasn't so bad after all because he was the most splendid preacher and his name was Booth, and he said some of the very same things that her old parson had said, and she *knew* he was a good man.

Well, Aunt Sally—she always would make me call her Aunt Sally, cause, having no relations, I suppose she felt sort o' lonely—I never did see any body I liked half so well as Aunt Sally, and if she'd a-lived in the Old Testament days, she'd had righteousness enough to have saved Sodom and Gomorrah from being burned up. She was a nice, pleasant, fresh-looking old woman, and when she was young she must have been pretty enough to have pleased Isaac himself, and he never would have sent to the well after that Rebecca—though I don't mean to say Aunt Sally was as old as all that come to. Sure as ever an old woman came to the door that had, goodness knows, how many children and not a mouthful of bread for one of them, Aunt Sally would have her down to the kitchen, and I must drop every thing and make the provoking old thing a cup of tea, and then she would be loaded down with as much as she could carry; and I never saw one of them that didn't have a pocket as big as a knapsack. I used to get clean out of patience sometimes, and began to think at last that I would get my death of old women. But it was of no mortal use if I ever did break out and give Aunt Sally a piece of my mind. She would begin to talk about the duty of being good to the poor, and lending to the Lord, and go on just like a printed book.

Well, one morning, when I was right in the middle of my baking, I heard one of those little timid rings at the bell that always seemed to say I hain't no business to ring, and I hope to goodness they won't hear. I knew it was one of my pests with a stomach like a Dutch oven and empty, of course, so I didn't stir. But of course she heard it and called me. Then I had to go, and I suppose I did speak a little piece of my mind all to myself as I went up stairs, and Aunt Sally she must have heard me, and was just cunning enough to follow me to the door for fear I would drive one of her saints away. When I opened the door there was a little girl about eight years old, and, though it was freezing weather, she hadn't a mite of a shawl or cloak on, and looked so pitiful and sad that, if I hadn't been so hopping mad, I shouldn't have been so ugly as I was, for I jest burst right out; and says I to her, you jest clear right out from this door and go along home; and if you haven't got any home, you can go to the poor-house, for you can't come in here. Jest then I heard Aunt Sally's voice. "Jerusha, how can you speak so to this poor lamb?" "Well, mum," says I, "she can come back in two or three hours after the bread is baked, for there isn't a morsel of any thing to eat in this house; that last ragged saint that was here made a clean sweep of it." But Aunt Sally didn't take the slightest notice. She had already pushed past me, and had taken the child's hand and carried her right into the parlor. I had got half-way down stairs again when I heard her call me, and I went back into the parlor. "Jerusha," says she to me, "did you ever?" "Yes," says I, "often;" but says she, "did you ever see?"

"Yes," says I, "and never expect to see any thing else." All the time the little thing was standing near the hearth and looking wistfully, first at Aunt Sally and then at me; and as Aunt Sally was about to speak to me the little girl rushed over to her and kneeled down and buried her head in the folds of Aunt Sally's bombazine dress and burst out crying. Aunt Sally she looked a little scaart at first, and I didn't know what on 'arth to do; but Aunt Sally she just sat down in her great arm-chair and put her hand gently on the little thing's head, and never said a word to her at first, until by-and-by the poor little thing seemed to stop all of a sudden and looked up and tried to smile, and made such an effort that, says I to myself, she's got the real stuff, and I'll bet a cookey she never sits down in my kitchen to drink tea when she gets to be an old woman.

Aunt Sally looked at the child and seemed to be dead beat. "Jerusha," said she, "did you ever see such a likeness?"

"Whose likeness?" said I.

"Oh! I forgot," said Aunt Sally; "but she is wonderfully like—"

"Well," said I, "I think she is."

"Who?" said Aunt Sally, rather startled.

"Why," said I, "she's wonderfully like one of those little things in the cathedral that are sitting up in the clouds. No, I don't mean *sitting* up, cause, goodness knows, they can't do that, for they haven't got any thing but heads and wings."

"Yes; she is a perfect little cherubim," said Aunt Sarah; "and though I never saw a cherubim I felt just like saying ditto to that; for, come to take a good look at her, she was jest prettier than any wax-doll I ever saw in a toy-shop. She had the biggest and the bluest eyes, and the most splendid head of real golden hair that curled down all over her shoulders—well, I never did see any thing half so pretty in a picture."

Aunt Sally was jest as cunning as the serpent in the Scripture that was as harmless as a dove; for she never said one word to the child till she saw she was able to speak without bursting out again. Then she said to her, says she, "What is your name, dear?"

The little thing looked steadily up at her, and says she, "My name is Etta, mum."

"Etta!" says Aunt Sally.

"Yes," says the child; "they called me Etta, but my real name is Juliet."

When the child said that, Aunt Sally just caught her right up in her arms and kissed her, and almost burst right out a-crying herself. "Etta—Juliet," says she, "what a coincidence!"

"Yes," said I, "it is indeed;" though what a coincidence was I had no more idea than a Pagan.

"Jerusha," says Aunt Sally, "you can go down to your work."

"Yes, mum," says I; "but perhaps the poor little critter is hungry;" for I had no idea of going down till I found out all about her.

"No," says the child, "I don't want any thing. I want to see my father and mother. Oh, what has become of them! I shall never see them any more!" And she laid her head down in Aunt Sally's lap, and though she didn't make a bit of noise I could see she was crying all to herself. Well, thinks I to myself, that's the first beggar I ever saw that was troubled with a father; but that child ain't no beggar, and what she is Aunt Sally will find out; and though I ain't a bit curious, and never ask no questions of any body, yet I *did* feel kinder anxious to know all about that child, for any body with half an eye could see she was something out of the common way.

Well, it turned out that the little girl's father was an artist, and she had lived in Italy all her life, and could speak Italian as easy as an organ-grinder. It gave me quite a turn when I found out she was a foreigner, cause I never could abide them, as it seemed to me that every one of them that came to this country was a beggar, and goodness knows how they all get here unless they walk. But she wasn't exactly a foreigner neither, cause her father and mother were both Americans, and they lived in Italy for it was cheaper there. The little girl told the story, how her father and mother and herself all went on board of a ship where they make Leghorn hats, and sailed out on the ocean to come back to America. And after they got into the Atlantic Ocean there came on the dreadfulest storm that ever blew since Noah, and the ship fell overboard, and the Captain cut away the masts, and after every body was nearly drowned drinking salt-water the ship got up, and then they found 'twas leaking dreadfully, and 'twan't no use pumping, for the water poured in faster than they could pump it out. So they had to get into the little boats, and the most dreadful part of it was that the little girl's father put her into one of the boats, and was going to put his wife in when the boat broke loose and drifted away from the ship with every body that was in it; and then her father and mother got into the other boat where the Captain was, and they had to wait to lower the water and provisions in, and the other boat drifted away clean out of sight, for the sea was running so dreadfully high, and she never saw her father or mother afterward.

I declare I don't know whether Aunt Sally or I cried the most when that pretty little critter was telling her story, specially when she told how she screamed after her mother, and begged the sailors to take her back, and how she could hear her mother calling her by name. They were picked up the next day—I mean the boat that had the little girl in it, and by an American brig that was homeward-bound—and after a long passage they arrived in New York, and the Captain, who was a clever old critter, he brought the little girl on with him to our city, where his wife lived, and where he lived when he was to home, and he had been to home about a week, and though her father and mother lived in that very city once they couldn't find out any thing about the child's relatives, for you see it turned out afterward that it was a runaway match, and the little girl didn't know any thing about her father's folks, and the old sea-captain had just made up his mind to adopt her because she was such a pretty little thing and was an orphan, and by a special providence he hadn't any children of his own.

But the child couldn't forget her father and mother, and was always thinkin' of them, and was always crying for them, and would wake up in the night and say she saw them on the water in a little boat, and they looked so sad, and her mother was always crying for her, and she would scream and want to go to them, and would go on dreadfully, until at last she would sob herself to sleep. I hearn all this afterward, when we came to know that old sea-wolf who brought her home.

That very morning the little thing ran out of the house, because they told her her pa and ma had gone to heaven, and she wouldn't see them any more in this world, and she had wandered all over the city and had rung at folk's doors, and they had turned her away, and it was when she had got fairly tuckered out that she had stopped at our door, and then I suppose she couldn't think of any thing but putting her head down in Aunt Sally's lap, and crying from weariness and heart sickness and sorrow.

"Now," says Aunt Sally, says she, "Jerusha, I've made up my mind that I'll keep this child." "Dew tell," says I. "Yes, I've made up my mind, for I feel as if I had a right to." "Why, Aunt Sally," says I, "you don't mean to say that that child is any relation of yourn?" "I don't know about that," says she. "Why how on earth can that be?" says I. Then she told me that she was convinced that it was old He's grandchild. "Why," says I, "Aunt Sally, how you dew talk! If old He never was married, how was it *possible* that little girl should be his grand-daughter?" If ever I was struck all of a heap it was when I found out that old He had been married after all, and his wife had died and left a little girl a year old, and that little girl had grown up and was the most beautiful creature that ever lived, and that old He and Aunt Sally thought there wasn't any thing in the world good enough for her, and they just petted and spoiled her to death, and she fell in love with a young man who was an artist, and ran off with him and married him, because old He wanted her to marry a rich man whom she didn't like, and Aunt Sally didn't even know his name, for old He discarded her and wouldn't allow her name to be spoken, and Aunt Sally never could learn any thing about her, which almost broke her heart, and old He was at first cross and savage, and then changed all of a sudden and moped and turned into such an absent old critter that I don't believe he knew his own name all the time, and served him right, too.

Now there was something happened when I went to the door, and Sally brought in the little girl that I didn't say any thing about, because I forgot it had any thing to do with the story. There was a policeman in our street—No. 42—a real pretty fellow, who was six feet two inches high, and had black curly whiskers. Well, I believe he was a sort of a beau of mine—least I guess so; for Hiram Doolittle hated him like pizen, and I guess 42 didn't like him very well; for he pulled Hiram up more than twenty times for stopping on the crossing, and at last he raised Hiram's dander, and he pitched into 42, and 42 pitched into him, and they both got a good whipping. Now if there was a part of his beat that 42 paid attention to it was where old He lived; and as sure as you live, when I opened the door when that little critter rung there stood 42 on the other side of the street with his brazen face. He grinned when he saw me, and winked one of his eyes, just as impudent as ever. I just shook my fist at him slyly, for I was mortal afraid he would give me some of his impudence before Aunt Sally. But I needn't have been so skeary; for I guess them policemen are just cute enough to bamboozle old Satan himself. Just as I was going to slam the door in his face, "Jerusha," says he. "What?" says I. "I've been watching that child, and it's my opinion she's lost. Now I've got to go down to Swindler's Hotel, and if you find out any thing about that child's folks you send down for me and I'll take her home for you." I jest nodded to him and shut the door, cause I didn't want the neighbors to see me talking to a man, especially Miss Parking, who lived over the way, who was the most spiteful old maid, and who never did stop slandering her neighbors from morning till night.

When Aunt Sally had finished telling me about her niece I just raised my hands in astonishment and looked out of the winder, and the first thing I saw was a policeman's glazed cap passing by, and then the door-bell rung. Of course I knew it was 42, because there wasn't another policeman tall enough to be seen out the winder where I stood, and, thinks I, you're in a hurry about something. When I opened the door there stood 42, as brazen as ever, and behind him, on the steps, was the prettiest little woman, with golden hair and blue eyes, only she looked pale and worried like, and half-supporting her was certainly the most splendiferous-looking gentleman that ever I looked at in all my mortal life, and just my idea of the Angel Gabriel, only he wasn't dressed the same way. "Now, Jerusha," says 42, "about that little girl. Is she here still?" "Well, I kinder guess she is." I no sooner said this than the pretty little woman pushed by me so quickly that she almost knocked me over, and rushed into the parlor, just as if she knew the way there always, and the gentleman followed her; but I rushed on before him, because I heard such a scream that I was frightened. When I got into the parlor there was that little woman down on her knees in front of that child, and was kissing her and crying over her in such a style! She would put her head back and press the curls from her forehead, and laugh, and then throw her arms around her and cry and laugh; and the child was perfectly frantic; and Aunt Sally was looking on, with two great tears rolling down her cheek; and the little girl saw the gentleman and ran to him, and he caught her up and kissed her; and it was just as plain as an apple-paring that that was that child's father and mother, who had come up out of the Atlantic Ocean, and Providence and 42 had brought them right to that door. And when I saw that pretty little woman turn around to Aunt Sally, and Aunt Sally run and grab her round the neck, and they both begin to cry and laugh, why I began to dance right up and down, and made up my mind that Hiram would have to look somewhere else; for I determined that 42 and I should be one. Just then who should come in but old He; and though he never could see any thing, and always looked as if he was in a fog, the moment he sot eyes on that pretty little critter that Aunt Sally was hugging most to death he turned as pale as a ghost. "Juliet!" said he, and sot right down in an arm-chair, and looked as if he was going to faint. Then she—who was his only daughter, as you might guess, who ran away from home—she went and kneeled down before old He, who was her father, and told him so many things, more than I am going to tell you, and about the shipwreck, and how she thought she had lost her daughter, and how Providence had seemed to send her child to her own childhood's home; and there old He just caught her right in his arms and kissed her, and shook hands with her husband and welcomed him home, and asked Aunt Sally what she was sniveling about, and looked so wide awake that I thought he would notice me; so I kinder dropped out of the room and went down to the kitchen, where I got paid for not minding my business. And the beggars didn't get any thing that day; for, as true as you live and breathe, when I went to take that bread out of the oven it was burned as black as charcoal.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE good old time-honored festival is close at hand. Around Thanksgiving Day there is ever a sort of halo—not quite so spiritual, we fear, as should be—but largely consisting of huge turkeys, mince pies, and plum-pudding. This is the time when ladies do not hesitate to descend into the kitchen, and with their own fair hands prepare some of the good things. Around the jovial Thanksgiving table gather *all* the home circle, if possible. And if, this year, some hearts are sad at the sight of a vacant chair, yet one and all will earnestly join in thanks that Peace once more reigns in our land. Never before have we as a nation had more reason for gratitude. Let each and all enjoy the day in body and spirit.

A New England paper makes the following statement:

"New York has got over its fright about the cholera, and is going on in its filthy ways as usual."

Who is ready to defend the fair fame of our city? to enter the lists boldly, and push on a suit for libel against the originator of such base slander? Who? And echo answers, "*Who?*" Perchance some feeble official may at length assert that "sanitary measures are under consideration." *Consideration!* Less talking and more acting would be wise while scores of nuisances stand as bare-faced witnesses to the "filth" above alluded to. Undrained streets; gutters filled with stagnant pools of pestilential fluid; bone-boiling factories, whose sickening odors pervade the upper and western parts of the city, polluting the air, and nauseating the stomach; slaughter-houses, planted in our very midst, sending out fetid smells which clog the air with miasma and death—is there no law, human or divine, that can rid us of these death-bearing nuisances?

Said a lady not long since: "I attempted the other day to pass from Broadway to the Eighth Avenue, somewhere about Twenty-sixth Street. On reaching the Seventh Avenue the cross street was so dirty that I could not endure to go through it, and I walked six or eight blocks before I found a street into which I dared venture, and even that was fearfully filthy."

No doubt our streets *are swept sometimes;* files of men, armed with brooms, we have certainly seen slowly marching by. But if *once* a week is not sufficient, why not sweep them twice or thrice? A city ordinance states that any one throwing garbage into the streets shall be arrested. Has any body ever been arrested for so doing? Yet the offense is committed frequently. Mischievous boys are constantly knocking the contents of whole rows of garbage-barrels into the streets, to the great vexation of neat housekeepers, and never a policeman is near enough to be cognizant of the fact.

As to the cholera itself, no doubt the best way to prevent it is to take sanitary measures to prepare for it—and say as little as possible about it. Just the opposite rule is being generally followed—for we have much talk and little done.

A young miss not yet out of her teens, and a resident of New York State, recently eloped to a neighboring city with a returned soldier after a long acquaintance with him of two weeks. On reaching their destination it was nearly midnight, and no minister or justice could be found, and the girl, relying upon her lover's promises, allowed him to register their names at the hotel as man and wife. But when morning came the gallant soldier coolly informed the deceived girl that he could not marry her, as he already had a wife in another city. Upon hearing this she rushed out of the hotel to the dock near by, where she was rescued just as she was throwing herself into the water. It was soon ascertained that the soldier had made a false statement to evade the fulfillment of his promise of marriage. He was then offered his choice of matrimony or the State prison, and in his alarm at the position in which he found himself readily chose the former.

It has been remarked facetiously that if "coal continued to go up, none but the rich could afford to follow the business of hod-carriers." There has, however, recently been a marked reduction in the price of coal, and the prospect is that it will be still lower. The manner in which coal-dealers usually conduct their business on the approach of winter is aptly illustrated in the following clipping:

"Billy," said a benevolent vendor of food for stoves as he sat down to his matutinal repast, "is it cold?"

"Wery cold, father," was the reply.

"Is the gutters froze, Billy?" rejoined the parent.

"Wery hard, father, they is," was the response.

"Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "put up the coal ten cents a peck, Billy. God help the poor!"

A London paper publishes a description of a curious invention designed to catch safe burglars. The depredator no sooner commences, in perfect ignorance of the secret arrangements, to force open the door, drill the lock or move the safe, than by so doing he sends a telegraph message to the nearest possible office, exhibiting the number of the safe he is attacking, and this number, registered in the police books, has opposite to it the address of the house in which the robbery is being effected.

Ladies nowadays could scarcely afford to follow the example of the Duchess of Marlborough, however angry they might be with their lords. She was very handsome, and her head was adorned with a profusion of bright golden locks, which were doomed to be sacrificed to the passionate temper of their mistress. One day when at her toilet, becoming violently angry with her husband, she cut off all her beautiful tresses and flung them in his face. This curious outburst of conjugal malice doubtless had a salutary effect upon the Duke, for he had taken great pride in his wife's magnificent hair.

The waterfall has given place to a twist which should be called the water-wheel. We certainly think the new style of hair-dressing much prettier than the old; and if the twist is made of a moderate size, it will be far more becoming to most heads than the waterfall as it has lately been worn.

The late Parisian fashions tell us that for paletôts which are to be worn when a dressy toilet is required, a new sort of plush, called *sablé d'or*, is likely to be very popular. It is well-named, because the ground-work of this material appears to be golden sand. In both violet and maroon it is very effective. It is likewise used for bonnets. Short black velvet jackets, trimmed with straps of colored velvet, and large false pockets in front, are worn by growing girls who are young enough to sport hats in preference to bonnets. They are too fanciful and conspicuous for any save girls from ten to fifteen—always a very difficult age to dress advantageously.

Petticoats are very brilliant this winter; but those who can not afford a great variety of these under, or, as they have now become, upper garments, will find the black and white stripes more serviceable than the elaborate and gayer patterns. These stripes do not date themselves, and can be worn under dresses of every color.

Speaking of the present fashion of dresses, the Paris letter of the *Daily Telegraph* says:

"The story of the 'Maitre d'Hotel' coming up to tell Madame X., who had paid her compliments to her host and taken her seat, that her dress was shut in the carriage door, is hardly an exaggeration, so long have the trains become."

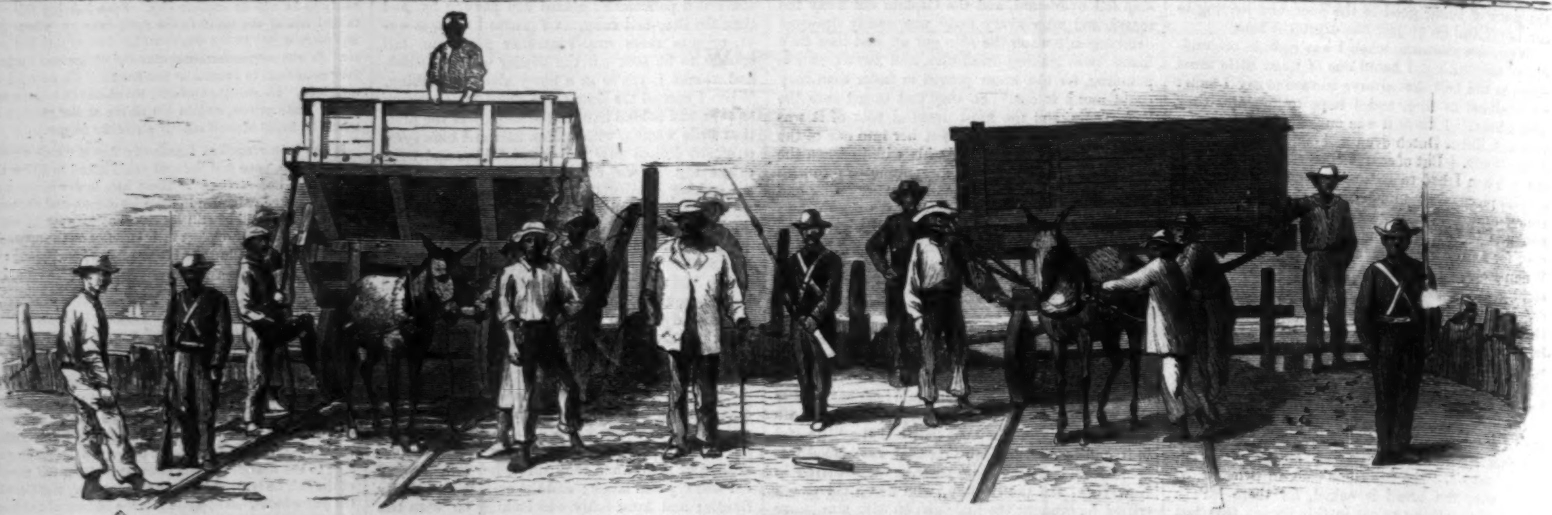
The writer's description of the last new thing in bonnets is "a brown velvet dice-box, with a little shade over the forehead, and what at restaurants they would call a 'portion' of woodcock stuck on the top."

Bonnets, from their earliest days, have always been open to ridicule and criticism. Once in a while a sensible and pretty style has been adopted; but far more often they have been ill adapted to their purpose, if that purpose is a pretty, comfortable covering for the head. The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its form was a compromise between the present Italian peasant-hat and the French hood. The materials employed in constructing these head ornaments were crimson satin, elaborately embroidered cloth of gold, and similar rich materials. The Leghorn flat, with perpendicular crown and wide brim, standing out far around the face, was the first legitimate bonnet worn, and this appeared long after Queen Elizabeth's time. It was trimmed with artificial flowers and immense bows of ribbons.

The local editor of the Richmond (Indiana) *Telegram* recently passed a comfortable corner residence in that city, and from the open windows of the parlor the notes from a piano came pouring forth, accompanied by the inevitable, "Oh, who will care for dear mother now?" Passing around the corner, his way led by the window of the kitchen, and over the steaming cooking-stove, and surrounded with all the appurtenances of cooking, he had the opportunity of witnessing "dear mother" caring for herself and all the family besides. His admiration for the daughter's musical talents underwent a collapse.

It is a source of regret to the buyers and wearers of nice silks that this material is so enormously expensive. This is doubtless owing in part to the disease in the silk-worm, which is prevailing in France. Entomologists and physiologists have turned their attention to this disease, and microscopic observations have detected certain corpuscles in the bodies of worms that can not spin their cocoons, which are considered symptoms of the disorder. Efforts are being made to find remedies. In consequence of the high tariff resulting from the war, silks are not only more expensive, but European manufacturers, cut off from the American market, in great measure, have been obliged in many cases to suspend business. This has caused the introduction of new branches of mechanical industry among us. The manufacture of silk fabrics is now successfully carried on in this city, and opens a promising field of labor.

A Limerick paper records that a lady has horse-whipped,—or, more properly, "parasoled"—a military "fellah" in one of the public thoroughfares. It appears that this gallant "officer and gentleman" had the impudence to intrude himself in a most extraordinary manner upon the lady's company while walking alone. She drew back to avoid him, but he persisted, and even after she had again passed on he rejoined her. A second remonstrance, in stern and indignant terms, on the part of the lady, was made by her, but her intruder seemed rather more determined to annoy her, and made a somewhat insulting reply; whereupon the outraged woman raised her parasol, and struck him with it across the face. This had the desired effect, and "doffing" his hat in acknowledgment of the chastisement inflicted, he quickly withdrew to the opposite side of the street, and entered a shop to escape the public gaze.



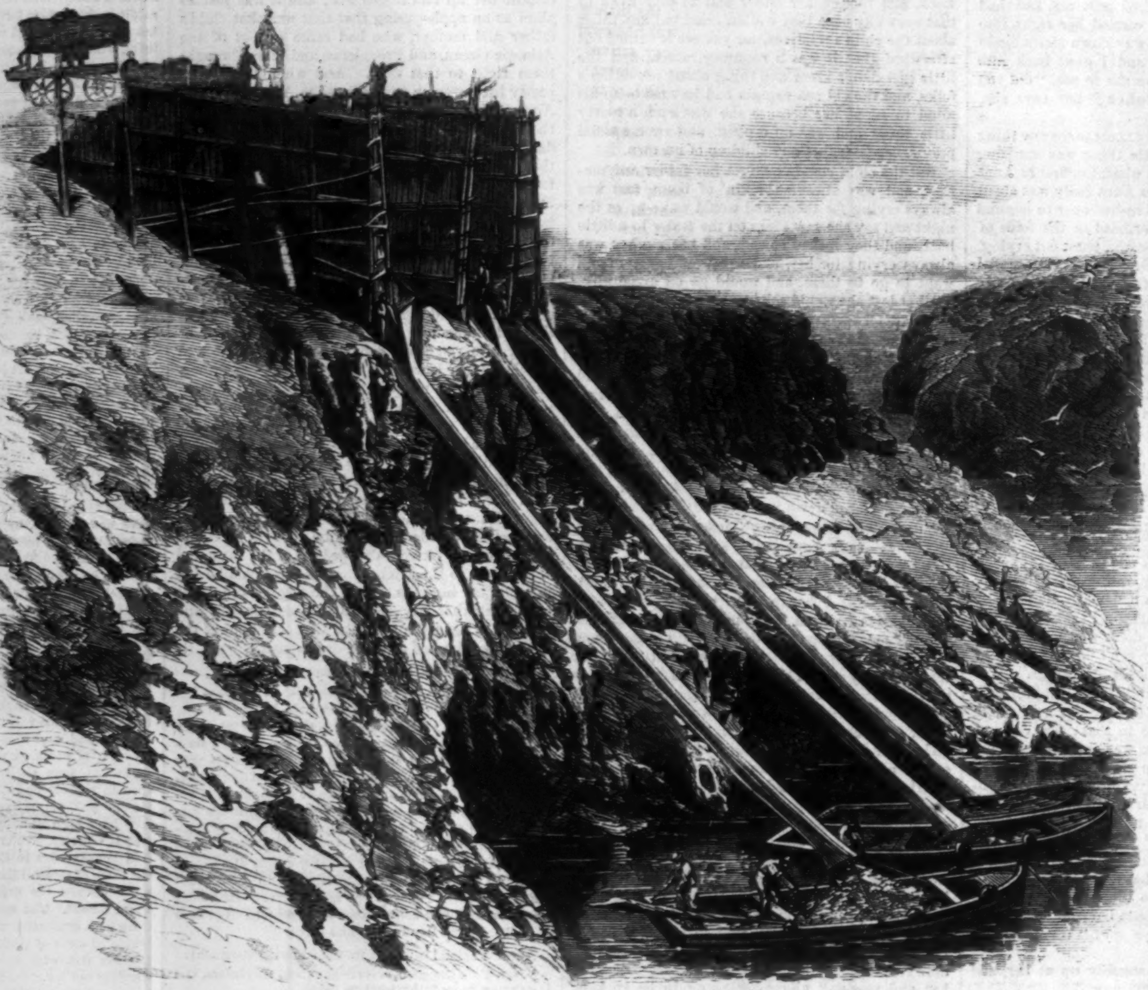
THE CHINCHA (OR GUANO) ISLANDS—DUMPING THE GUANO INTO SHUTES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

SPAIN AND CHILI.

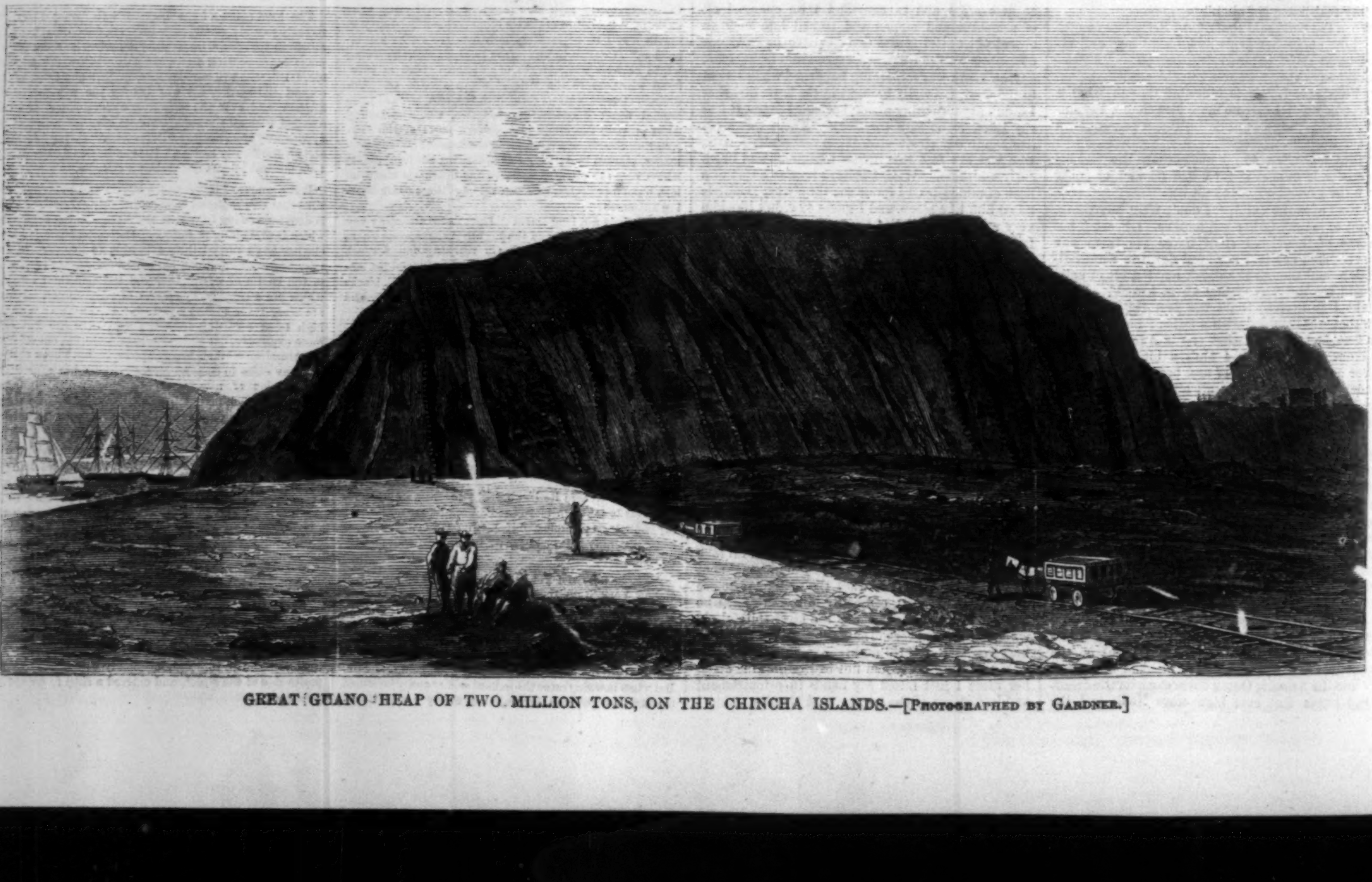
OUR civil war furnished to the Emperor NAPOLEON an opportunity to invade the republic of Mexico, and to establish, temporarily at least, an imperial form of government. Spain also, deeming that a similar opportunity had come to her, invaded San Domingo, and on the slightest pretext seized the Chincha Islands, belonging to Peru. What the result has been of the first of these attempts on the part of Spain is well known to our readers. Unable to sustain the burden of expense and the sacrifice of blood involved in the conquest of San Domingo, Spain withdrew her armies, and accepted humiliation in preference to bankruptcy and ruin.

In regard to the difficulty with Peru the result was different. Peru was compelled to pay an indemnity of four millions of dollars to defray the expenses of the cowardly attempt made by the Spanish Government. Stung with humiliation by the ill-success of her attempts to embroil the South American republics in war, Spain then turned her threatening face upon Chili, because the latter had refused coal to Admiral PINZON'S marauding fleet, and had offered moral encouragement to Peru.

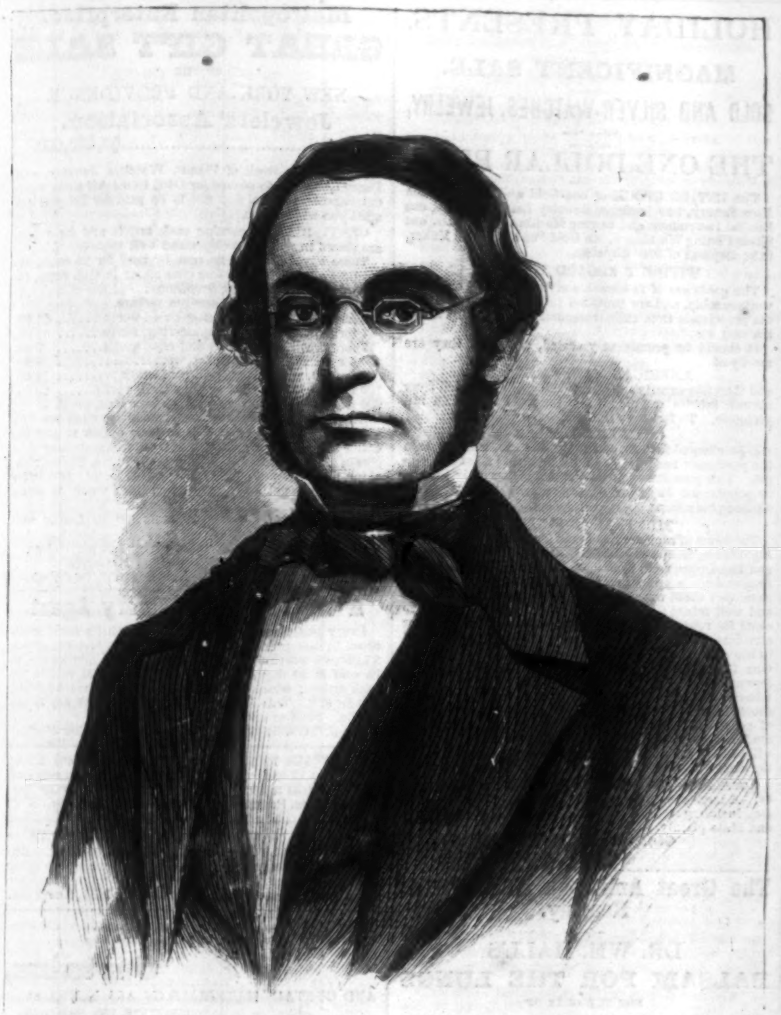
This has led to a rupture between Spain and Chili. The latter refusing to be intimidated by the Spanish demand for indemnity, the harbor of Valparaiso has been blockaded by Admiral PAREJA. What may grow out of this threatening movement is as yet uncertain. The recent speech delivered at Panama by Señor MACKENNA, Special Envoy from Chili to the United States, is of great importance. With much eloquence this gentleman dwelt upon the disinterested sympathy which Chili had always given to her sister republics, and for which she is now attacked. He said that the time was not far off when a stronger power would not be allowed to make war unjustly upon a weaker. Chili had already won half her victory by taking her position so bravely on the side of right. There remained only the physical conflict to be decided—a conflict which she would gladly avoid if she could do so with honor. He said that Spain was fighting for the possession of the Chincha Islands, and that all the republics of America should unite to avert the disgrace, and to avenge the insult which was intended for them all alike. The Isthmus of Panama should close all her ports against the Spanish fleet, and if they should thus become involved in the war, they would not fight alone. "There will fight by your side every man of courage who has come to reside in this city, the centre of the universe from its furthest extremities; there will fight with you the English, the German, the Scandina-



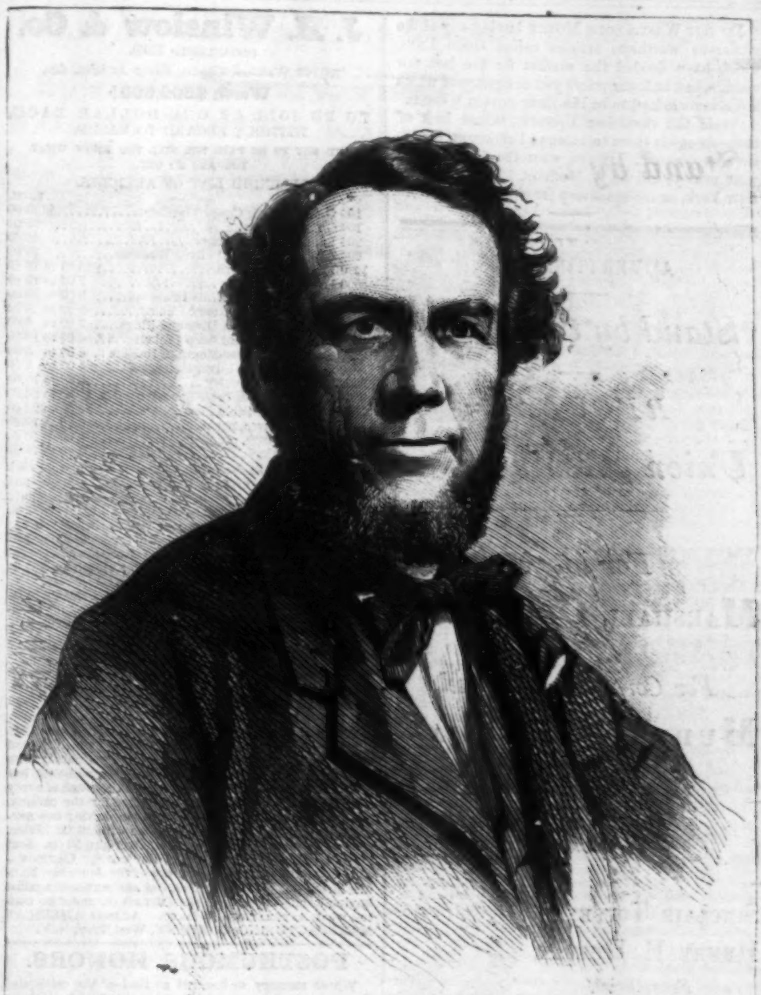
LOADING LIGHTERS WITH GUANO FROM SHUTES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



GREAT GUANO HEAP OF TWO MILLION TONS, ON THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



BENJAMIN F. PERRY, PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



MARCUS L. WARD, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.]

vian, the Italian—and, above all, there will fight with us those sons of North America whom I perceive here in a considerable number; for all those men adore in their hearts that sublime motto, the Isthmus of gold, as eternal as the Isthmus of land on which we tread, and which must always unite the two continents of America in one single group, in one single family, in one single home—the doctrine of Monroe—America for the Americans."

It is a matter of some interest that at such a crisis General KILPATRICK has been sent as a Minister to Chili. The appointment becomes more suggestive, followed as it has been by the appointment of General LOGAN as Minister to the republic of Mexico. Not one of the least important matters which will come up for the consideration of the next Congress will be the attitude which this country is to take toward Mexico and the South American republics.

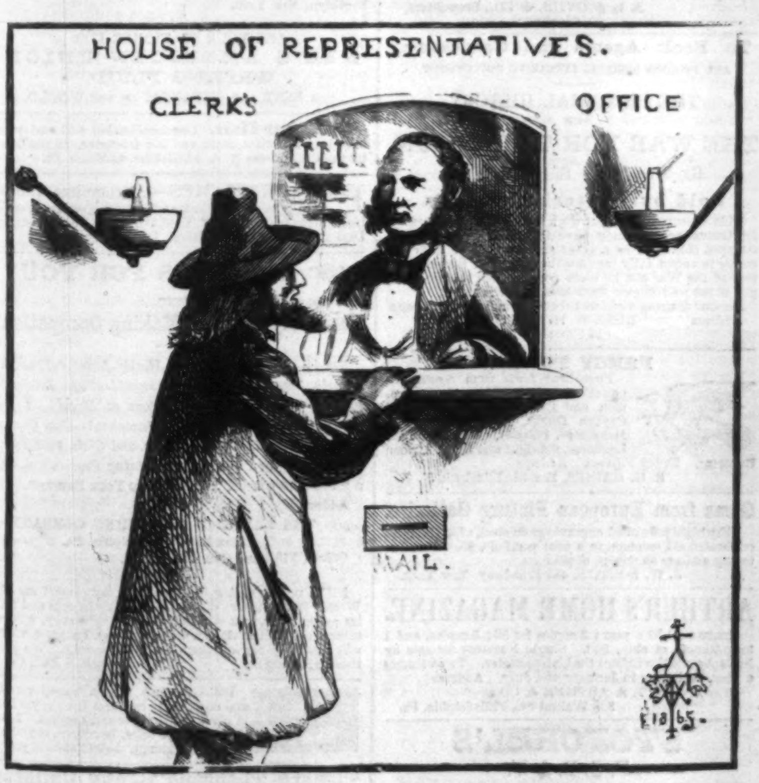
We give on page 780 some illustrations relating to the shipment of guano on the Chincha Islands. The property of these islands is estimated at a thousand millions of dollars. *Guano*, or *Huano*, is the Peruvian name for manure, and is applied to the solid excrement of carnivorous sea-birds, which is found in immense quantity on the coasts of South America and in other tropical countries, as in South Africa. This substance, though brought to Europe for the first time in 1840, has been employed by the Peruvians ever since the time of the Incas. The chief sources of supply are the Chincha Islands, off the coast of Lower Peru. So ignorant were the Governments of Peru and Bolivia of the value of this compost that they sold to private parties a nine years' monopoly of its shipment for the trifling sum of $40,000. This contract was broken in two years, when the value of guano was more fully appreciated. But the commerce in this article soon returned to the hands of monopolists, where it has since remained. The photographs from which our illustrations on page 780 are taken form a portion of the "Rays of Sunlight"—a collection of interesting photographs by Mr. A. GARDNER, recently published by Messrs. PHILP & SOLOMONS, Washington.

GOVERNOR WARD, OF NEW JERSEY.

WE give our readers on this page a portrait of MARCUS L. WARD, recently elected Governor of New Jersey. Mr. WARD is not in any sense a politician, having never participated prominently in purely political affairs. He has at the same time always maintained decided convictions, acting uniformly with the party opposed to the Democracy. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which nominated Mr. LINCOLN, and in 1864 was again a Senatorial delegate to the Baltimore Convention. His relations with Mr. LINCOLN were always of the most cordial and intimate character.

When the war broke out Mr. WARD at once took a decided stand, and from that time down to the present has given his time, resources, and energies to the promotion of the national cause. He was the first man in the country to devise and organize a system for collecting and forwarding the pay of soldiers in the field to their families at home, and during the war over *two millions of dollars* were thus sent to the homes of New Jersey, New York, and New England troops. All this was done without the loss of a single dollar, and without a dime's expense to those benefited—Mr. WARD giving his whole time and attention to the work, employing clerks and paying, out of his own pockets, all the cost incurred in the great charity—abandoning his personal business to labor in behalf of the nation's defenders. This fact added vastly to his popularity, the soldiers of the State voting almost unanimously in his favor. As exhibiting the estimation in which he is held at home, it may be stated that he carried his ward, city, and county by larger majorities than were ever before cast for any candidate—his city (Newark), which has heretofore been largely Democratic, giving him 1700 majority, and his county a majority of 2505.

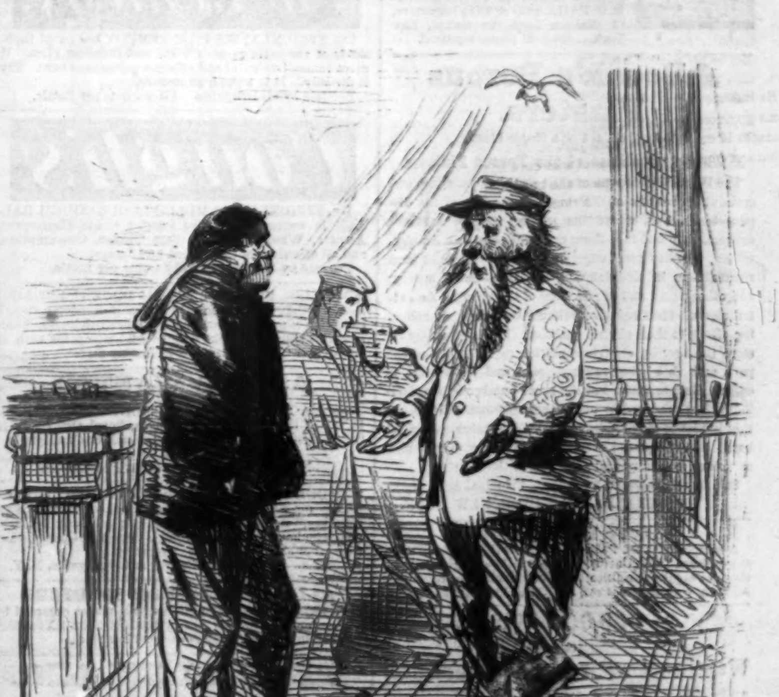
Mr. WARD has always been a liberal patron of the arts, and is a gentleman of culture and admitted breadth and solidity of character.



NO ACCOMMODATIONS!

SOUTHERN CONGRESSMAN ELECT TO CLERK OF THE HOUSE. "I should like very much to secure my Old Seat. Governor Perry says I'm entitled to it."

CLERK OF THE HOUSE. "I am very sorry, Sir, but we can not accommodate you. All the Old Seats were broken up, and are now being thoroughly Reconstructed."



THE OLD *RIP* OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

CAPTAIN WADDELL (AS RIP VAN WINKLE). "Law! Mr. Pilot, you don't say so! The war in America over these Eight Months? Dear! dear! who'd ever a' thought it!"

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitation, *even to the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. Morton, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Stand by the Flag!"

REGULAR

Union Nominations.

For Mayor,

Marshall O. Roberts.

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Wm. R. Stewart,
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UNITED STATES STEEL PEN WORKS,

FACTORY, CAMDEN, N. J.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.,
STEEL PEN MANUFACTURERS,

Warehouses, { 403 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
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Samples and Prices on Application. Lots made to Order of any Pattern or Stamp required.

Caution: These Pens are of genuine American manufacture, and equal in finish, elasticity, and fineness of point to the best imported. They are, therefore, sure to gain the confidence of the American public. The facsimile of our signature is sufficient security against foreign imitation.

For sale at retail by all stationers throughout the country. R. ESTERBROOK & CO.

Holiday Presents.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing from one to thirty-six different tunes, and costing from $5 50 to $600 00. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

Allcock's Porous Plasters.

Sold by the Yard or a Single Plaster.

Medicinal Qualities of the Porous Plasters.

The Porous Plasters possess the soothing, warming, and sustaining qualities of the combined plasters of the dispensatories, and, where the muscles require artificial support, they find it in these excellent plasters. An electrician, who has great experience of their effects in local rheumatism, in tic-doloureux, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, &c., attributes all their sedative, stimulative, and pain-relieving effects to their electric qualities. He asserts they restore the healthy electric condition (equilibrium) of the part, and, that being restored, pain and morbid action cease. He was amazed at the great number of beneficial indications produced by one of these plasters. He affirms that headache is cured by one worn just below the breast bone; that one placed over the navel will cure hysterics, as well as dysentery and affections of the bowels.

Sold by all dealers in medicine. Principal agency,
BRANDRETH HOUSE, NEW YORK.

CURL YOUR HAIR.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair, the first application, into soft, luxuriant, beautiful curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

$1,000,000 Worth

of

Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware.

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches........	each $125 00
500 Silver Watches................	each $20 00 to 35 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases... "	5 00 to 8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
36 Beekman Street. P. O. Box 4270, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

(established 1860).

100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,

And not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

	Each.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..............	$115 00
100 Gold Watches..............................	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches......................	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches.........	18 00
1000 Revolving Casters..................	$15 00 to 18 00
3000 Drinking-Cups..................	7 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets.....	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains......	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings....	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets.......	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders..	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..............	5 00 to 10 00
5900 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.....	14 00 to 24 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair..............	6 00 to 10 00
2070 Napkin Rings, per pair...............	6 00 to 10 00
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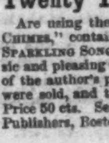

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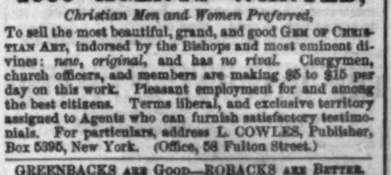

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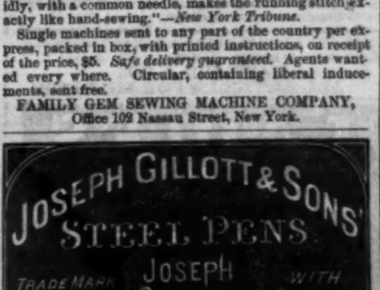

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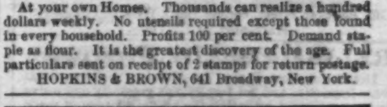

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